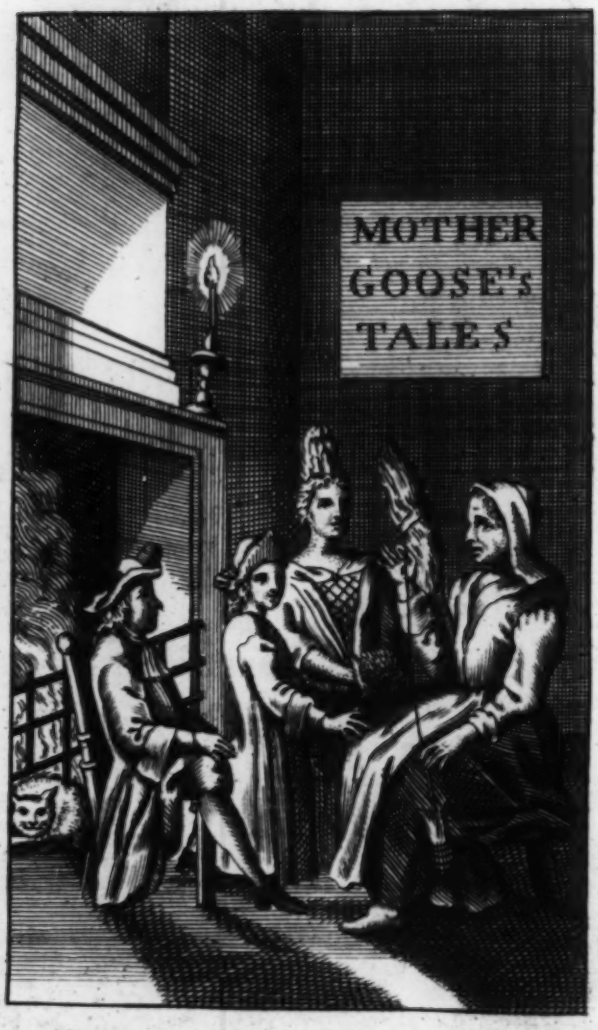
MOTHER
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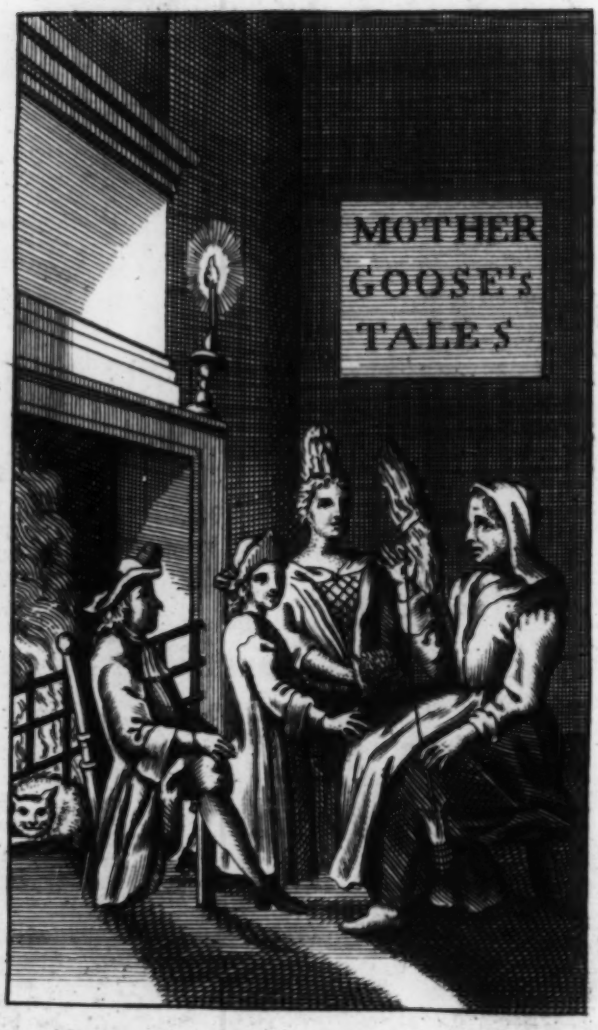
TALES


MOTHER
GOOSE's
TALES

HISTORIES, OR TALES of paſt Times:

VIZ.

I. The Little Red Riding-hood.
II. The Fairy.
III. The Blue Beard.
IV. The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.
V. The Maſter Cat, or Puſs in Boots.
VI. *Cinderilla*, or the Little Glaſs Slipper.
VII. *Riquet a la Houpe*.
VIII. Little *Poucet*, and his Brothers.
IX. The Diſcreet Princeſs, or the Adventures of *Finetta*.

With MORALS.

By M. PERRAULT.

Tranſlated into Engliſh.

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M.DCC.XXIX.

x 62-907

TO

The Right Honourable,

THE

Counteſs of *GRANVILLE*.

MADAM,

A Roman *Lady, by Way of Oſtentation, ſhewed to Another of her Acquaintance her Jewels; who, in Return, ſhewed her her Children, ſaying,* Thoſe were her Jewels: *And indeed, ſuch are Children, when rendered brillant by a virtuous Education, whereby they may become, in their reſpective Stations, ſerviceable and ornamental to their Country; Stateſmen, Ambaſſadors, Patriots, Vice-Roys. Your Ladyſhip is ſenſibly convinc'd of the Certainty of this Truth, in ſeeing ſo happily ſucceed your*

Maternal Care in the Perſon of my LORD CARTERET, *who has been ſo glorioufly eminent in all thoſe great Qualities: and your Ladyſhip moreover ſees yourſelf at the Head of a numerous and noble Offſpring, which we may hope, through the ſame Care and Influence, will ſhine in their ſeveral Spheres, with equal Radiancy and Splendor.*

THIS I preſume here to mention, that you might not, Madam, be ſurpriſed at my Offering to you the following Piece, which, as little and trifling as at firſt View it may ſeem to be, has notwithſtanding no little Merit.

I need not trouble your Ladyſhip with a long Account of the Excellency of Inſtruction by Fable, which has been ſo well approved of, ſo highly recommended, and ſo ſucceſsfully and profitably made uſe of by the greateſt Sages in the World, the wiſeſt and beſt of Men in all Ages; there being nothing in the Productions of the Mind

Mind, ſo delightful and diverting, and at the ſame time ſo inſtructive, as what we meet with in Apologue and Fable, which, childiſh as its Appearances may ſometimes be, carries notwithſtanding in the Bottom, a moſt ſolid Senſe, and wraps up and infolds the moſt material and important Truths.

THE Divine PLATO *had ſuch a Value and Eſteem for this kind of Writing, that he ſeems to have preferred it to Poetry itſelf: For though he baniſhed* HOMER *his Commonwealth, he aſſigned in it a very honourable Poſt for* ÆSOP. *He deſires Children might ſuck in thoſe Fables with their Milk, and recommends it to Nurſes to teach them to 'em, ſince we cannot accuſtom our ſelves too ſoon to Wiſdom and Virtue; and rather than to be reduced to the painful Neceſſity of correcting our Habits, we ought to ſtrive to make them good, while they are in the State of Indifference.*

BUT

BUT however inſtructive the Stories of Animals may be, it is certain they do not make ſuch ſtrong Impreſſions on the Mind, nor move the Affections ſo much as thoſe related of human Kind. Children have been known to weep at the Diſtreſs of the two Children in the Wood, *who would not be any wiſe affected with the Adventures of Cocks and Bulls, &c. they knew very well what they of their own ſpecies are, but the Natures and Properties of thoſe Creatures we are pleaſed to call irrational, they are too young to have any tolerable Idea or Notion of.*

THE Author of the following Stories has happily ſucceeded in this Way, and perhaps nothing yet extant can equal them in their admirable Deſign and Execution. It was however objected, that ſome of them were very low and childiſh, eſpecially the firſt. It is very true, and therein conſiſts their Excellency. They therefore who made this as an Objection, did not

ſeem

ſeem very well to underſtand what they ſaid; they ſhould have reflected they are deſigned for Children: And yet the Author hath ſo ingeniouſly and maſterly contrived them, that they inſenſibly grow up, gradually one after another, in Strength and Beauty, both as to their Narration and Moral, and are told with ſuch a Naiveté, *and natural innocent Simplicity, that not only Children, but thoſe of Maturity, will alſo find in them uncommon Pleaſure and Delight.*

THEY were dedicated to no leſs than a Princeſs of the Blood of France, *and the famous* Perrault *was ſo taken with them, that he made himſelf their Morals, as knowing they tended to the Encouragement of Virtue, and the Depreſſing of Vice: the former of which is ever rewarded in them, and the latter ever puniſhed, the true End and Deſign of Fable; a thing which our Fabuliſts of late ſeem to have the Modeſty not ſo much as to pretend to; they content themſelves in*

Venting

DEDICATION.

Venting ſome poor inſipid trifling Tale in a little tinkling Jingle, adding ſome petty Witticiſms, or inſignificant uſeleſs Reflection, which they call a Moral, and think they have done the Buſineſs. But was PLATO *now alive, he would undoubtedly baniſh out of his Common-wealth* Æſop *as well as* Homer.

BUT I am afraid, Madam, I have too long tired your Patience, ſo ſhall only add, that I hope your Ladyſhip will be pleaſed to accept this little Preſent, and which perhaps may be uſeful to the Infant Relatives of your Ladyſhip, as a Mark of the profound Reſpect, and ſingular Veneration which our Family retains for that of your Ladyſhip.

I am with intire ſubmiſſion,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble,

and

moſt obedient Servant,

ROBERT SAMBER.

THE

Little red Riding-Hood.

TALE I.

THERE was once upon a time a little country girl, born in a village, the prettieſt little creature that ever was ſeen. her mother was beyond reaſon exceſſively fond of her, and her grandmother yet much more. This

good woman cauſed to be made for her a little red Riding-Hood; which made her look ſo very pretty, that every body call'd her, *The little red Riding-Hood.*

ONE day, her mother having made ſome cuſtards, ſaid to her, Go my little *Biddy*, for her chriſtian name was *Biddy*, go and ſee how your grandmother does, for I hear ſhe has been very ill, carry her a cuſtard, and this little pot of butter. *The little red Riding-Hood* ſets out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village. As ſhe was going through the wood, ſhe met with *Goſſop Wolfe*, who had a good mind to eat her up, but he did not dare, becauſe of ſome faggot-makers that were in the forreſt.

HE asked of her whither ſhe was going: The poor child, who did not know how dangerous a thing

thing it is to ſtay and hear a Wolfe talk, ſaid to him, I am going to ſee my grandmamma, and carry her a cuſtard pye, and a little pot of butter my mamma ſends her. Does ſhe live far off? ſaid the Wolfe. Oh! ay, ſaid *the little red Riding-Hood*, on the other ſide of the mill below yonder, at the firſt houſe in the village. Well, ſaid the Wolfe, and I'll go and ſee her too; I'll go this way, and go you that, and we ſhall ſee who will be there ſooneſt.

THE Wolfe began to run as faſt as he was able, the ſhorteſt way; and the little girl went the longeſt, diverting her ſelf in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making noſe-gays of all the little flowers ſhe met with. The Wolfe was not long before he came to the grandmother's houſe; he knocked at the door *toc toc*. Whoſe there? Your grand-daughter, *The little red*

Riding-Hood, ſaid the Wolfe, counterfeiting her voice, who has brought you a cuſtard pye, and a little pot of butter mamma ſends you.

THE good grandmother, who was in bed, becauſe ſhe found herſelf ſomewhat ill, cried out, Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up. The Wolfe pull'd the bobbin, and the door open'd; upon which he fell upon the good woman, and eat her up in the tenth part of a moment; for he had eaten nothing for above three days before. After that, he ſhut the door, and went into the grandmother's bed, expecting *the little red Riding-Hood*, who came ſome time afterwards, and knock'd at the door *toc toc*, *Who's there?* The *Little red Riding-Hood*, who hearing the big voice of the Wolfe, was at firſt afraid; but believing her grandmother had got a cold,

and

and was grown hoarſe, ſaid, it is your grandaughter, *The little red Riding-Hood*, who has brought you a cuſtard pye, and a little pot of butter mamma ſends you. The Wolfe cried out to her, ſoftening his voice as much as he could, Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up. The *little red Riding-Hood* pull'd the bobbin, and the door opened.

THE Wolfe ſeeing her come in, ſaid to her, hiding himſelf under the clothes. Put the cuſtard, and the little pot of butter upon the ſtool, and come into bed to me. *The little red Riding-Hood* undreſſed her ſelf, and went into bed, where ſhe was very much aſtoniſhed to ſee how her grandmother looked in her night-cloaths: So ſhe ſaid to her, *Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!* It is the better to embrace thee my pretty child. *Grandmamma, what great legs you have*

got! it is to run the better my child. *Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!* It is to hear the better my child. *Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!* It is to ſee the better my child. *Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!* It is to eat thee up. And upon ſaying theſe words, this wicked Wolfe fell upon *the little Red Riding-Hood*, and eat her up.

The MORAL.

FRom this ſhort ſtory eaſy we diſcern
What conduct all young people ought to learn.
But above all, the growing ladies fair,
Whoſe orient roſy Blooms begin t'appear:
Who, Beauties in the fragrant ſpring of age!
With pretty airs young hearts are apt t'engage.

Ill

Ill do they liſten to all ſorts of
tongues,
Since ſome enchant and lure like Sy-
rens ſongs.
No wonder therefore 'tis if over-
powr'd,
So many of them has the Wolfe de-
vour'd.
The Wolfe, I ſay, for Wolves too
ſure there are
Of every ſort, and every chara-
cter.
Some of them mild and gentle-hu-
mour'd be
Of noiſe and gall, and rancour
wholly free;
Who tame, familiar, full of com-
plaiſance;
Ogle and leer, languiſh, cajole and
glance;
With luring tongues, and language
wondrous ſweet,
Follow young ladies as they walk
the ſtreet,

Ev'n to their very houſes and bed-ſide,
And though their true deſigns they artful hide,
Yet ah! theſe ſimpring Wolves, who does not ſee
Moſt dang'rous of all Wolves in fact to be?

The

The FAIRY.

TALE II.

THERE was once upon a time a widow, who had two daughters, the eldeſt was ſo much like her in face and humour, that whoever looked upon the daughter ſaw the mother. They were both ſo diſagreeable and ſo proud, that no body could

live with them. The youngeſt who was the very picture of the father for civility and ſweetneſs of temper, was withal one of the moſt beautiful girls that ever was ſeen. This mother loved even to diſtraction her eldeſt daughter, and at the ſame time had a frightful averſion for the youngeſt. She made her eat in the kitchen and work continually.

AMONGST other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half off the houſe, and bring a pitcher full of it home. One day as ſhe was at this fountain there came up to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink: O ay with all my heart, Goody, ſaid this pretty little girl; and rinsing immediately the pitcher, ſhe took up ſome water from the cleareſt place of the fountain, and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher

cher all the while that ſhe might drink the eaſier.

THE good woman having drank what ſhe had a mind to, ſaid to her, You are ſo very pretty, my dear, ſo good and ſo mannerly, that I cannot help giving of you a gift (for this was a Fairy, you muſt underſtand, who had taken upon her the form of a poor countrywoman to ſee how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go.) *I will give you for gift* *, continued the fairy, that at every word you ſpeak there ſhall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel.

WHEN this pretty girl came home, her mother ſcolded at her

* Theſe words the fairies make uſe of when they have a mind to do good or harm to any body.

for returning ſo late from the fountain. I beg your pardon, mamma, ſaid the poor thing, for ſtaying ſo long, and immediately upon ſpeaking theſe words there came out of her mouth two roſes, two pearls, and two large diamonds. What is it I ſee there, ſaid her mother all aſtoniſhed, I think I ſee pearls and diamonds come out of her mouth: How comes this, child? (This was the firſt time ſhe ever call'd her child.) The poor creature told her plainly all that had happen'd, not without dropping out of her mouth an infinite number of diamonds. Truly, ſaid the mother, I muſt ſend thither my daughter. Come hither, *Fanny*, ſee what comes out of your ſiſter's mouth when ſhe ſpeaks: Wou'd not you be glad to have the ſame gift given to you? You have nothing elſe to do but go and draw water out

of

of the fountain, and when a certain poor woman comes to ask to drink a little, to give it her very civilly. It wou'd be a very pretty ſight indeed, ſaid this brute, to ſee me go to draw water: I will have you go, ſaid the mother. So ſhe went, but grumbled all the way, taking along with her the beſt ſilver tankard they had in the houſe. She was no ſooner at the fountain than ſhe ſaw coming out of the wood a lady moſt richly dreſt, who came up to her and asked to drink. Now you muſt know, that this was the very fairy that appeared to her ſiſter, but had now taken upon her the air and dreſs of a Princeſs, to ſee how far the rudeneſs and ill manners of this girl would go. Am I come hither, ſaid the proud brute, for nothing elſe but to give you to drink? I have juſt now brought a ſilver tankard on purpoſe

poſe for my lady. You may drink out of it, I think, if you will.

YOU have not a grain of civility or good breeding in you, reply'd the Fairy, without putting herſelf into a paſſion: Well then, ſince you have ſo little manners and are ſo diſobliging, *I give you for gift*, that at every word you ſpeak there ſhall come out of your mouth a ſnake or a toad. As ſoon as her mother ſaw her coming ſhe cry'd out, Well, daughter; Well, mother, anſwer'd the brute, and at the ſame time there came out of her mouth two ſnakes and two toads. O, mercy! cry'd the mother, what is it I ſee! It is her ſiſter that has been the cauſe of all this; but ſhe ſhall pay for it; and immediately ſhe ran after her to beat her. The poor creature fled away from her and went

went to hide herſelf in the foreſt that was hard by.

THE King's ſon, who was returning from hunting, met her, and ſeeing her ſo very pretty, asked her what ſhe did there alone, and why ſhe cry'd! *Alack-a-day! Sir, my mamma has turned me out of doors.* The King's ſon, who ſaw five or ſix pearls and as many diamonds come out of her mouth, deſired her to tell him whence this happen'd. She accordingly told him the whole ſtory; upon which the King's ſon fell in love with her; and conſidering with himſelf that ſuch a gift as this was worth more than any marriage portion whatſoever in another, conducted her to the palace of the King his father, and there married her. As for her ſiſter, ſhe made herſelf ſo odious that her own mother turn'd her out of doors, and the unhappy wretch

wretch having wandered about a good while without finding any body to take her in, went to a corner of a wood and died.

The MORAL.

MOney and jewels ſtill we find
Stamp ſtrong impreſſions on the Mind;
However, ſweet diſcourſe does yet much more,
Of greater value is, and greater pow'r.

ANOTHER.

CIvil behaviour coſts indeed ſome pains,
Requires of complaiſance ſome little ſhare;
But ſoon or late its due reward it gains,
And meets it often when we're not aware.

THE

THE

BLUE BEARD.

TALE III.

THERE was once upon a time a man who had ſeveral fine houſes both in town and country, a good deal of ſilver and gold plate, embroider'd furniture, and coaches gilt all over with

with gold. But this ſame man had the misfortune to have a *Blue Beard*, which made him ſo frightfully ugly that all the women and girls ran away from him.

ONE of his neighbours, a lady of quality, had two daughters who were perfect beauties. He deſired of her one of them in marriage, leaving to her the choice of which of them ſhe would beſtow upon him. They would neither of them have him, and ſent him backwards and forwards from one another, being reſolved never to marry a man that had a *Blue Beard*. That which moreover gave them the greater diſguſt and averſion, was that he had already been marry'd to ſeveral wives, and no body ever knew what were become of them.

THE *Blue Beard*, to engage their affection, took them with my lady

lady their mother, and three or four other ladies of their acquaintance, and ſome young people of the neighbourhood, to one of his country ſeats, where they ſtaid full eight days. There was nothing now to be ſeen but parties of pleaſure, hunting of all kinds, fiſhing, dancing, feaſts and collations. No body went to bed, they paſt the night in rallying and playing upon one another: In ſhort, every thing ſo well ſucceeded, that the youngeſt daughter began to think, that the maſter of the houſe had not a *Beard* ſo very *Blue*, and that he was a very civil gentleman.

ASSOON as they returned home the marriage was concluded. About a month afterwards *the Blue Beard* told his wife, that he was obliged to take a journey into a diſtant country for ſix weeks at leaſt, about an affair of very great con-

conſequence, deſiring her to divert herſelf in his abſence, ſend for her friends and acquaintance, carry them into the country, if ſhe pleaſed, and make good cheer wherever ſhe was: Here, ſaid he, are the keys of the two great rooms that hold my beſt and richeſt furniture; theſe are of my ſilver and gold plate, which is not to be made uſe of every day; theſe open my ſtrong boxes, which hold my gold and ſilver money; theſe my caskets of jewels; and this is the maſter-key that opens all my apartments: But for this little one here, it is the key of the cloſet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open them all, go into all and every one except that little cloſet, which I forbid you, and forbid you in ſuch a manner, that if you happen to open it, there is nothing but what you may expect from my juſt anger and reſentment. She promiſed

promiſed to obſerve every thing he order'd her, who, after having embraced her, got into his coach and proceeded on his journey.

HER neighbours and good friends did not ſtay to be ſent for by the new married lady, ſo great was their impatience to ſee all the rich furniture of her houſe, not daring to come while the huſband was there, becauſe of his *Blue Beard* which frighten'd them. They ran through all the rooms, cloſets, wardrobes, which were all ſo rich and fine that they ſeemed to ſurpaſs one another. After that, they went up into the two great rooms where were the beſt and richeſt furniture; they could not ſufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapeſtry, beds, couches, cabinets, ſtands, tables and looking-glaſſes, in which you might ſee yourſelf from head to foot; ſome of them were framed with

with glaſs, others with ſilver and ſilver gilt, the fineſt and moſt magnificent as ever were ſeen: They never ceaſed to extol and envy the happineſs of their friend, who in the mean time no ways diverted herſelf in looking upon all theſe rich things, becauſe of the impatience ſhe had to go and open the cloſet of the ground floor. She was ſo much preſſed by her curioſity, that without conſidering that it was very uncivil to leave her company, ſhe went down a back pair of ſtairs, and with ſuch an exceſſive haſte, that ſhe had like to have broken her neck two or three times.

BEING come to the cloſet door, ſhe ſtopt for ſome time, thinking upon her husband's orders, and conſidering what unhappineſs might attend her were ſhe diſobedient; but the temptation was ſo ſtrong ſhe could not overcome it: She took

took then the little key and opened it in a very great trembling. But ſhe could ſee nothing diſtinctly, becauſe the windows were ſhut; after ſome moments ſhe began to obſerve that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of ſeveral dead women ranged againſt the walls. (Theſe were all the wives that the *Blue Beard* had married and murder'd one after another.) She thought that ſhe ſhould have died for fear, and the key that ſhe pulled out of the lock fell out of her hand: After having ſomewhat recover'd her ſurpriſe, ſhe took up the key, locked the door and went up ſtairs into her chamber to recover herſelf, but ſhe could not, ſo much was ſhe frightened. Having obſerved that the key of the cloſet was ſtain'd with blood, ſhe tried two or three times to wipe it off, but the blood would not come out; in vain did ſhe waſh

it

it and even rub it with ſoap and ſand, the blood ſtill remained, for the key was a Fairy, and ſhe could never quite make it clean; when the blood was gone off from one ſide, it came again on the other.

THE *Blue Beard* returned from his journey the ſame evening, and ſaid he had received letters upon the road, informing him that the affair he went about was finiſhed to his advantage. His wife did all ſhe could to convince him ſhe was extremely glad of his ſpeedy return. The next morning he asked for the keys, which ſhe returned, but with ſuch a trembling hand, that he eaſily gueſs'd what had happen'd. What is the matter, ſaid he, that the key of the cloſet is not amongſt the reſt? I muſt certainly, ſaid ſhe, have left it above upon the table. Do not fail, ſaid the *Blue Beard*, of giving it to me preſently: After ſeveral goings

goings backwards and forwards ſhe was forced to bring him the key. The *Blue Beard* having very attentively conſider'd it, ſaid to his Wife, how comes this blood upon the key? I don't know, ſaid the poor Woman paler than death. You don't know, replied the *Blue Beard*, I know very well, you were reſolv'd to go into the cloſet, were you not? Very well, Madam, you ſhall go in, and take your place amongſt the ladies you ſaw there.

UPON this ſhe threw herſelf at her husband's feet, and begged his pardon with all the ſigns of a true repentance, and that ſhe would never more be diſobedient. She would have melted a rock, ſo beautiful and ſorrowful was ſhe; but the *Blue Beard* had a heart harder than the hardeſt rock! You muſt die, Madam, ſaid he, and that preſently. Since I muſt die, ſaid ſhe, looking upon him with

her eyes all bathed in tears, give me ſome little time to ſay my prayers. I give you, ſaid the *Blue Beard*, a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more.

WHEN ſhe was alone, ſhe called out to her ſiſter, and ſaid to her, Siſter *Anne*, for that was her name, go up, I deſire thee, upon the top of the tower, and ſee if my brothers are not coming, they promiſed me that they would come to day, and if thou ſeeſt them, give them a ſign to make haſte. Her ſiſter *Anne* went up upon the top of the tower, and the poor afflicted lady cried out from time to time, *Anne, ſiſter Anne, doſt thou ſee nothing coming?* And ſiſter *Anne* ſaid, *I ſee nothing but the ſun that makes a duſt, and the graſs that grows green.* In the mean while the *Blue Beard*, holding a great cutlaſs in his hand, cried out as loud as he could to his wife, Come down preſently,

or

or I'll come up to you. One moment longer, if you pleaſe, ſaid his wife, and immediately ſhe cried out very ſoftly, *Anne, ſiſter Anne, doſt thou ſee nothing coming?* And ſiſter *Anne* ſaid, *I ſee nothing but the ſun that makes a duſt, and the graſs that grows green.* Come down quickly, cried the *Blue Beard*, or I'll come up to you. I am coming, anſwer'd his wife, and then ſhe cried, *Anne, ſiſter Anne, doſt thou ſee nothing coming?* I ſee, replied ſiſter *Anne*, a great duſt that comes on this ſide here. *Are they my brothers?* Alas! no, my dear ſiſter, I ſee a flock of ſheep. Will you not come down? cried the *Blue Beard.* One moment longer, ſaid his wife, and then ſhe cried out, *Anne, ſiſter Anne, doſt thou ſee nothing coming?* I ſee, ſaid ſhe, two horſemen coming, but they are yet a great way off. God be praiſed, ſaid ſhe immediately after, they are my brothers; I have made

them a ſign as well as I can to make haſte. The *Blue Beard* cried out now ſo loud, that he made the whole houſe tremble.

THE poor Lady came down and threw herſelf at his feet all in tears with her hair about her ſhoulders: This ſignifies nothing, ſays the *Blue Beard*, you muſt die; then taking hold of her hair with one hand, and holding up the cutlaſs with the other, he was going to cut off her head. The poor lady turning about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, deſired him to afford her one little moment to recollect herſelf: No, no, ſaid he, recommend thy ſelf to God: for at this very inſtant there was ſuch a loud knocking at the gate, that the *Blue Beard* ſtopt ſhort of a ſudden: They open'd the gate, and immediately enter'd two horſemen, who drawing their ſwords, ran directly

to the *Blue Beard.* He knew them to be his wife's brothers, one a dragoon, the other a muſqueteer, ſo that he ran away immediately to ſave himſelf: but the two brothers purſued him ſo cloſe, that they overtook him before he could get to the ſteps of the porch, when they ran their ſwords through his body and left him dead.

THE poor lady was almoſt as dead as her husband, and had not ſtrength enough to riſe and embrace her brothers. The *Blue Beard* had no heirs, and ſo his wife became miſtreſs of all his eſtate. She made uſe of one part of it to marry her ſiſter *Anne* to a young gentleman who had loved her a long while, another part to buy captains commiſſions for her brothers, and the reſt to marry herſelf to a very honeſt gentleman, who made her forget the ill time ſhe had paſs'd with the *Blue Beard.*

The MORAL.

O Curioſity, thou mortal bane!
Spite of thy charms, thou cauſeſt often pain
And ſore regret, of which we daily find
A thouſand inſtances attend mankind:
For thou, O may it not diſpleaſe the fair,
A flitting pleaſure art, but laſting care;
And always coſts, alas! too dear the prize,
Which, in the moment of poſſeſſion, dies.

ANOTHER.

A Very little ſhare of common ſenſe
And knowledge of the world, will ſoon evince,

That

That this a ſtory is of time long paſt,
No husbands now ſuch panick terrors caſt;
Nor weakly, with a vain deſpotick hand,
Imperious, what's impoſſible, command:
And be they diſcontented, or the fire
Of wicked jealouſy their hearts inſpire,
They ſoftly ſing; and of whatever hue
Their beards may chance to be, or black, or blue,
Grizzled, or ruſſet, it is hard to ſay
Which of the two, the man or wife, bears ſway.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY in the WOOD.

TALE IV.

THERE was once upon a time a King and a Queen, who were ſo ſorry that they had no children, ſo ſorry that it was beyond

yond expreſſion. They went to all the waters in the world, vows, pilgrimages, every thing was tried and nothing came of it. At laſt however the Queen was with child, and was brought to bed of a daughter: There was a very fine Chriſtening; and the Princeſs had for her godmothers all the Fairies they could find in the kingdom (of whom they found ſeven) that every one of them might give her a giſt, as was the cuſtom of Fairies in thoſe days; by this means the Princeſs had all the perfections imaginable.

AFTER the ceremonies of the Chriſtening were over, all the company return'd to the King's palace, where there was prepared a great feaſt for the Fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent cover with a caſe of maſſive gold, wherein was a ſpoon, knife and fork, all of pure

gold ſet with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all ſitting down to dinner, they ſaw come into the hall an old Fairy, whom they had not invited, becauſe it was now above fifty years ſince ſhe had been ſeen out of a tower, and they thought her either dead or enchanted. The King order'd her a cover, but could no give her a caſe of gold as the others, becauſe they had ſeven only made for the ſeven Fairies. The old Fairy fancied ſhe was ſlighted, and mutter'd ſome threats between her teeth. One of the young Fairies, who ſat by her, heard her, and judging that ſhe might give the little Princeſs ſome unhappy gift, went as ſoon as they roſe from table and hid herſelf behind the hangings, that ſhe might ſpeak laſt, and repair as much as poſſibly ſhe could the evil that the old Fairy might do her.

IN the mean while all the Fairies began to give their gifts to the Princeſs. The youngeſt gave her for gift that ſhe ſhould be the moſt beautiful perſon in the world; the next, that ſhe ſhould have the wit of an angel; the third, that ſhe ſhould have an admirable grace in every thing ſhe did; the fourth, that ſhe ſhould dance perfectly well; the fifth, that ſhe ſhould ſing like a nightingale; and the ſixth, that ſhe ſhould play upon all kinds of muſick to the utmoſt perfection.

THE old Fairy's turn coming next, with a head ſhaking more with ſpite than old age, ſhe ſaid, that the Princeſs ſhould have her hand pierced with a ſpindle and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and every body fell a crying.

AT this very inſtant the young Fairy came out from behind the hangings, and ſpoke theſe words aloud: Aſſure yourſelves, O King and Queen, that your daughter ſhall not die of this diſaſter: It is true, I have not power to undo intirely what my Ancient has done. The Princeſs ſhall indeed pierce her hand with a ſpindle; but inſtead of dying, ſhe ſhall only fall into a profound ſleep which ſhall laſt a hundred years, at the expiration of which a King's ſon ſhall come and awake her.

THE King, to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old Fairy, cauſed immediately proclamation to be made, whereby every body was forbidden on pain of death to ſpin with a diſtaff and ſpindle, or to have ſo much as any ſpindle in their houſes. About fifteen or ſixteen years after, the King and

Queen

Queen being gone to one of their houſes of pleaſure, the young Princeſs happen'd one day to divert herſelf in running up and down the palace, when going up from one apartment to another, ſhe came into a little room on the top of the great tower, where a good old woman was ſpinning with her ſpindle. This good woman had never heard of the King's proclamation againſt ſpindles. What are you doing there, ſaid the Princeſs? I am ſpinning, my pretty child, ſaid the old woman, who did not know who ſhe was. Ha! ſaid the Princeſs, this is very pretty, how do you do it? Give it to me, that I may ſee if I can do ſo: She had no ſooner taken it into her hand, than, whether being very haſty at it, ſomewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the Fairy had ſo ordained it, it ran into her hand, and ſhe fell down in a ſwoon.

THE good old woman not knowing very well what to do in this affair, cried out for help: People came in from every quarter in great numbers, they threw water upon the Princeſs's face, unlaced her, ſtruck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her temples with *Hungary-water*; but nothing would bring her to herſelf.

AND now the King, who came up at the noiſe, bethought himſelf of the prediction of the Fairies, and judging very well that this muſt neceſſarily come to paſs ſince the Fairies had ſaid it, cauſed the Princeſs to be carried into the fineſt apartment in the palace, and to be laid upon a bed all embroider'd with gold and ſilver; one would have taken her for a little Angel, ſhe was ſo very beautiful; for her ſwooning away had not diminiſhed one bit of her complexion; her

her cheeks were carnation, and her lips like coral: She had only her eyes ſhut, but they heard her breathe ſoftly, which ſatisfied them that ſhe was not dead. The King commanded that they ſhould not diſturb her, but let her ſleep quietly till her hour of awaking was come.

THE good Fairy, who had ſaved her life by condemning her to ſleep an hundred years, was in the kingdom of *Matakin* twelve thouſand leagues off, when this accident befel the Princeſs; but ſhe was inform'd of it in an inſtant by a little dwarf, who had boots of ſeven leagues, that is, boots with which he could tread over ſeven leagues of ground at one ſtride. The Fairy came away immediately, and ſhe arrived about an hour after in a fiery chariot, drawn by dragons. The King handed her out of the chariot, and ſhe approved every thing he had done; but as ſhe had

a very

a very great foreſight, ſhe thought when the Princeſs ſhould awake ſhe might not know what to do with herſelf, being all alone in this old palace; and this was what ſhe did. She touched with her wand every thing that was in the palace (except the King and the Queen) governeſſes, maids of honour, ladies of the bed-chamber, gentlemen, officers, ſtewards, cooks, under-cooks, ſcullions, guards with their beef-eaters, pages, footmen; ſhe likewiſe touch'd all the horſes that were in the ſtables, as well pads as others, the great dogs in the outward court, and pretty little *Mopſey* too the Princeſs's little Spaniel bitch that lay by her on the bed.

IMMEDIATELY upon her touching them they all fell aſleep, that they might not awake before their miſtreſs, and that they might be ready to wait upon her when ſhe wanted them. The very ſpits at the

the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheaſants, alſo ſlept. All this was done in a moment; the Fairies are not long in doing their buſineſs.

AND now the King and the Queen having kiſſed their dear child without waking her, went out of the palace, and put forth a proclamation, that no body ſhould dare to come near it. This however was not neceſſary; for in a quarter of an hour's time, there grew up all round about the park, ſuch a vaſt number of trees, great and ſmall, buſhes and brambles twining one within another, that neither man nor beaſt could paſs through: ſo that they could ſee nothing but the very top of the towers of the palace and that too, not unleſs it were a good way off. No body doubted but the fairy ſhewed herein an extraordinary piece of her art, that the princeſs, while

ſhe

ſhe ſlept, might have nothing to fear from the Curious.

AT the expiration of the hundred years, the ſon of the King then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the ſleeping Princeſs, being gone a hunting on that ſide of the country, asked what thoſe towers were that he ſaw in the middle of a great thick wood: Every one anſwered according as they had heard. Some ſaid, that it was an old caſtle haunted by ſpirits; others, that all the ſorcerers and witches of the country kept there their Sabbath, or weekly meeting. The moſt common opinion was, that an *Ogre* liv'd there, and that he carry'd thither all the little children he could catch hold of, that he might eat them up at his leiſure, without any body's being able to follow him, as having himſelf only the power to paſs through the wood.

Now

Now an *Ogre* is a giant that has long teeth and claws, with a raw head and bloody bones, that runs away with naughty little boys and girls, and eats them up.

THE Prince was in a brown ſtudy, not knowing what to believe, when an old conntry-man ſpoke to him after this manner. May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs, it is now above fifty years ſince I heard my father ſay, who heard my grandfather ſay, that there then was in this caſtle a Princeſs, the moſt beautiful that ever was ſeen, that ſhe muſt ſleep there an hundred years, and ſhould be waked by a King's ſon, for whom ſhe was reſerved. The young Prince was all on fire at theſe words; and believing, without weighing the matter, that he could put an end to this fine adventure, and puſhed on by love and honour, reſolv'd that moment to look into it.

SCARCE

SCARCE had he advanced towards the wood, when all the great trees, the buſhes and brambles gave way of themſelves to let him paſs through: he walked up to the caſtle that he ſaw at the end of a large Avenue which he went into; and what a little ſurprized him, was, that he ſaw none of his people could follow him, becauſe the trees cloſed again, as ſoon as he had paſſed through them. However, he did not ceaſe from continuing his way: a young and amorous Prince is always valiant. He came into an outward court, where every thing he ſaw might have frozen up the moſt fearleſs perſon with horrour; there reigned all over a moſt frightful ſilence; the image of death every where ſhewed it ſelf, and there was nothing to be ſeen but ſtretch'd out bodies of men and animals, that appear'd as if they were dead. He knew

knew however very well, by the ruby faces and pimpled noſes of the beef-eaters, that they were only aſleep; and their goblets, wherein ſtill remained ſome drops of wine, ſhewed plainly, that they fell aſleep in their cups.

He then croſſed a court pav'd with marble, went up the ſtairs, and came into the guard chamber, where the guards were ſtanding in their ranks, with their muskets upon their ſhoulders, and ſnoring as loud as they could. After that, he went through ſeveral rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, all aſleep, ſome ſtanding, others ſiting. At laſt, he came into a chamber all gilt with gold, where he ſaw upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the fineſt ſight that ever was ſeen, a Princeſs, that appear'd to be about fifteen or ſixteen years of age, and whoſe bright reſplendent beauty had ſomewhat in it lumi-

luminous and divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her upon his knees.

AND now, as the enchantment was at an end, the Princeſs awaked, and looking on him with eyes more tender than the firſt view might ſeem to admit of; is it you my Prince, ſaid ſhe to him, you have waited a great while.

THE Prince charm'd with theſe words, and much more with the manner they were ſpoken in, knew not how to ſhew his joy and gratitude; he aſſured her that he lov'd her better than he did himſelf. Their diſcourſe was not well connected, they wept more than they ſpoke, little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more at a loſs than ſhe, and we need not wonder at it; ſhe had time to think on what to ſay to him; for it

it is very probable, (tho' hiſtory mentions nothing of it) that the good fairy, during ſo long a ſleep, had given her very agreeable dreams. In ſhort, they talked four hours together, and yet they did not ſay half the things they had to ſay.

In the mean while, all the palace awaked; every one thought upon their particular buſineſs; and as all of them were not in love, they were ready to die for hunger: the ladies of honour being as ſharp ſet as other people, grew very impatient, and told the Princeſs aloud, that ſupper was ſerv'd up. The Prince helped the Princeſs to riſe; ſhe was intirely dreſs'd, and very magnificently, but they took care not to tell her, that ſhe was dreſt like my great grandmother, and had a point band peeping over a high collar; ſhe looked not a bit the leſs beautiful and

charming for all that. They went into the great hall of looking-glaſſes, where they ſupped, and were ſerved by the Princeſs's officers; the violins and hautboys played old tunes, but very excellent, tho' it was now above a hundred years ſince they had played; and after ſupper, without loſing any time, the Lord Almoner married them in the chapel of the caſtle, and the chief lady of honour drew the curtains; they ſlept very little; the Princeſs had no occaſion, and the Prince left her the next morning to return into the city, where his father muſt needs have been in pain for him: the prince told him, that he loſt his way in the forreſt as he was hunting, and that he had lain at a collier's cottage, who gave him cheeſe and brown bread.

The King his father, who was a good man, believed him; but his mother could not be perſuaded this

this was true; and ſeeing that he went almoſt every day a hunting, and that he always had an excuſe ready for ſo doing, though he had lain out three or four nights together, ſhe began to ſuſpect he had ſome little amour, for he lived with the Princeſs above two whole years, and had by her two children, the eldeſt of which, who was a daughter, was named *Morning*, and the youngeſt, who was a ſon, they called *Day*, becauſe he was a great deal more handſome and beautiful than his ſiſter. The Queen ſpoke ſeveral times to her ſon, to inform herſelf after what manner he paſt his life, and that in this he ought in duty to ſatisfy her: but he never dared to truſt her with his ſecret, he feared her though he loved her, for ſhe was of the race of the *Ogres*, and the King would never have married her, had it not been for her vaſt riches; it was even whiſpered about the court, that

ſhe had *Ogreiſh* inclinations; and that when ſhe ſaw little children paſſing by, ſhe had all the difficulty in the world to refrain falling upon them: And ſo the Prince would never tell her one word.

BUT when the King was dead, which happened about two years afterward, and he ſaw himſelf lord and maſter, he declared publickly his marriage; he went in great ceremony to conduct his Queen to the palace. They made a magnificent entry into the capital city, into which ſhe rode between her two children.

SOME time after, the King went to make war with the Emperor *Cantalabutte* his neighbour. He left the government of the kingdom to the Queen his mother, and earneſtly recommended to her care his wife and children. He was obliged to continue his expedition all the ſummer

mer, and aſſoon as he departed, the Queen-mother ſent her daughter in law and her children to a country houſe in the woods, that ſhe might with the greater eaſe put in execution her horrible deſires. Some few days afterwards ſhe went thither her ſelf, and ſaid to her clerk of the kitchen, I have a mind to eat little *Morning* for my dinner to morrow. Ah! Madam, ſaid the clerk of the kitchen! I will have it ſo, ſaid the Queen (and this ſhe ſpoke in the tone of an *Ogreſſe*, who had a ſtrong deſire to eat freſh meat) and I will eat her * with *Sauce Robert*. The poor man knowing very well that he muſt not play tricks with an *Ogreſſe*, took his great knife, and went up into little *Morning*'s chamber: ſhe was then four years old,

* *Sauce Robert* is a *French* ſauce, made with onions ſhred, and boiled tender in butter, to which is added, vinegar, muſtard, ſalt, pepper, and a little wine.

and came up to him jumping and luaghing to take him about the neck, and ask him for ſome ſugar candy. Upon which he began to weep, the great knife fell out of his hands, and he went into the back yard, and killed a little lamb, and dreſs'd it with ſuch good Sauce, that his miſtreſs aſſured him ſhe had never eaten any thing ſo good in her life. He had at the ſame time taken up little *Morning*, and carried her to his wife, to conceal her in the lodging he had at the bottom of the Court-yard.

ABOUT eight days afterwards, the wicked Queen ſaid to the clerk of the kitchen, I'll ſup upon little *Day*: he anſwered not a word, being reſolved to cheat her, as he had done before; he went to find out little *Day*, and ſaw him with a little file in his hand, with which he was fencing with a great monkey; he

he was then only three years of age, he took him up in his arms, and carried him to his wife, that ſhe might conceal him in his lodging along with his ſiſter, and dreſt in the room of little *Day* a young kid very tender, which the *Ogreſs* found to be wonderfully good.

THIS was very well hitherto; but one evening this wicked Queen ſaid to the clerk of the kitchen, I'll eat the Queen with the ſame ſauce as I had with her children. It was now that the poor clerk of the kitchen deſpaired of being able to deceive her. The young Queen was paſt twenty, not reckoning the hundred years that ſhe had ſlept: her skin was ſomewhat hard, though fair and white; and how to find in the yard a beaſt ſo firm, was what puzzled him: he took then a reſolution, that he might ſave his own life, to cut the Queen's throat; and going up into

her chamber with intent to do it at once, he put himſelf into as great a fury as he could poſſibly, and came into the young Queen's chamber with his dagger in his hand, he would not however ſurprize her, but told her, with a great deal of reſpect, the orders he had received from the Queen-mother. Do it, do it, ſaid ſhe, holding out her neck as white as ſnow or alabaſter, execute your orders, and then I ſhall go and ſee my children, my poor children, whom I ſo much and ſo tenderly loved: for ſhe thought them dead ever ſince they had been taken away without her knowledge. No, no, Madam, ſaid the poor clerk of the kitchen, all in tears, you ſhall not die, and yet you ſhall ſee your children again, but then you muſt go home with me to my lodgings, where I have conceal'd them, and I ſhall deceive the Queen once more, by giving her in your ſtead a young hind.

hind. Upon which he conducted her immediately to his chamber; where leaving her to embrace her children, and cry along with them, he went and dreſs'd a hind, which the Queen had for her ſupper, and devoured it with the ſame appetite, as if it had been the young Queen: ſhe was very well pleas'd with her cruelty, and ſhe had invented a ſtory to tell the King at his return, how the mad wolves had eaten up the Queen his wife, and her two children.

ONE evening, as ſhe was, according to her cuſtom, rambling round about the courts, and palace-yards, to ſee if ſhe could ſmell any freſh meat; ſhe heard in a ground room little *Day* a crying, for his *Mama* was going to whip him, becauſe he had been very naughty, and ſhe heard at the ſame time little *Morning* begging pardon for her brother, telling her *Mama*, he

would be good, and would never do ſo any more. The *Ogreſſe* knew preſently the voice of the Queen and her children, and being quite mad that ſhe had been thus deceived, ſhe commanded next morning, by break of day, with a moſt horrible voice, which made every body tremble, that they ſhould bring into the middle of the great court, a large tub, which ſhe cauſed to be filled with toads, vipers, ſnakes, and all kind of ſerpents, in order to have thrown into it the Queen and her children, the clerk of the kitchen, his wife and maid; who ſhe had given orders ſhould be all brought thither with their hands tied behind them. They came accordingly, and the executioners were juſt going to throw them into the tub, when the King, whom they did not expect ſo ſoon, enter'd the court on horſeback; for he came poſt, and asked with the utmoſt aſtoniſh-

ment,

ment, what that horrible ſpectacle meant? No one dared to tell him, when the *Ogreſſe*, all enraged to ſee what had happen'd, threw her ſelf head foremoſt into the tub, and was devoured in an inſtant by the ugly creatures ſhe had ordered to be thrown into it for others. He could not but be very ſorry, for ſhe was his mother, but he ſoon comforted himſelf with his beautiful wife, and his pretty children.

The MORAL.

I.

TO get a husband rich, genteel and gay,
Of humour ſweet, ſome time to ſtay,
Is natural enough, 'tis true.
But then to wait an hundred years,
And all that while aſleep, appears
A thing intirely new.
Now at this time of day,

Not one of all the ſex we ſee
To ſleep with ſuch profound tran-
quillity.

II.

But yet this Fable ſeems to let us know
That very often Hymen's bliſſes ſweet,
Altho' ſome tedious obſtacles they meet,
Which make us for them a long
while to ſtay,
Are not leſs happy for approaching
ſlow:
And that we nothing loſe by ſuch
delay.

III.

But warm'd by nature's lambent fires,
The ſex ſo ardently aſpires
Of this bleſs'd ſtate the ſacred joy
t'embrace,
And with ſuch earneſt heart purſue
'em:
I've not the will, I muſt confeſs,
Nor yet the power, nor fine addreſs,
To preach this moral to 'em.

THE

THE MASTER CAT: Or PUSS in BOOTS.

TALE V.

THERE was once upon a time a Miller, who left no more eſtate to the three children that he had, who were all boys, but his mill, his aſs, and his Cat. The partition was ſoon made. Neither

ther the ſcrivener nor attorney were ſent for; they would ſoon have eaten up all the poor patrimony. The eldeſt had the mill, the ſecond the aſs, and the youngeſt nothing but the Cat.

THE poor young fellow was quite comfortleſs at having ſo poor a lot. My brothers, ſaid he, may get their living very handſomly, by joyning their ſtocks together; but for my part, when I have eaten up my Cat, and made me a muff of his skin, I muſt die with hunger. The Cat, who heard all this, but made as if he did not, ſaid to him with a grave and ſerious air, Do not thus afflict your ſelf, my good maſter, you have nothing elſe to do, but to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, that I may ſcamper through the dirt and the brambles, and you ſhall ſee that you have not ſo bad a portion of me as you imagine.

THOUGH

THOUGH the Cat's maſter did not build very much upon what he ſaid, he had often however ſeen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice; as when he uſed to hang by his feet, or hide himſelf in the meal, and make as if he was dead; ſo that he did not altogether deſpair of his affording him ſome help in his miſerable condition. When the Cat had what he asked for, he booted himſelf very gallantly; and putting his bag about his neck, he held the two ſtrings of it in his two fore-paws, and went into a warren where there was a great number of rabbits. He put bran and ſow-thiſtle into his bag, and ſtretching himſelf out at length, as if he had been dead, he waited for ſome young rabbits, not yet acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and rummage his bag for what he had put into it.

SCARCE

SCARCE was he lain down, but he had what he wanted; a ſilly raſh young rabbit jumped into his bag, and Mr. Puſs drawing immediately the ſtrings, took him and killed him without mercy. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace, and asked to ſpeak with the King. He was ſhewed up ſtairs into his Majeſty's apartment, and ſaid to him, I have brought you, Sir, a rabbit of the warren which my maſter, my lord marquiſs of *Carabas* (for that was the title he was pleaſed to give his maſter) has commanded me to make your Honour a Preſent of from him. Tell thy maſter, ſaid the King, that I thank him, and he does me a great deal of pleaſure.

ANOTHER time he went and hid himſelf amongſt the corn, holding ſtill his bag open; and when

he ſaw a brace of partridges run into it, he drew the ſtrings, and took them. He went and made a preſent of theſe to the King, as he had done before of the rabbit. The King in like manner received the partridges with a great deal of pleaſure, and ordered him ſome money to drink. The Cat continued after this manner for two or three months, to carry, from time to time, game of his maſter's taking to the King. One day above the reſt, when he knew for certain that he was to take the air along the river ſide with his daughter, the moſt beautiful Princeſs in the world, he ſaid to his maſter, if you will follow my advice, your fortune is made: you have nothing elſe to do, but go and waſh yourſelf in the river, in that part I ſhall ſhew you, and leave the reſt to me. The marquiſs of *Carabas* did what the Cat adviſed him to, without knowing why or wherefore.

WHILE he was waſhing, the King paſſed by, and the Cat began to cry out as loud as he could, Help, help, my Lord Marquiſs of *Carabas* is going to be drown'd. At this noiſe the King put his head out of the window of his coach, and finding it was the Cat who had brought him ſo often ſo much good game, he commanded his guards to run immediately to the aſſiſtance of the Marquiſs of *Carabas*.

WHILE they were drawing the poor Marquiſs out of the river, the Cat came up to the coach, and told the King, that while his maſter was waſhing, there came by ſome robbers, who went off with his clothes, though he had cried out thieves ſeveral times, as loud as he could: this cunning rogue of a Cat had hidden them under a great ſtone. The King immediately commanded the officers

cers of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his beſt ſuits of clothes for the Lord Marquiſs of *Carabas.* The King careſſed him after a very extraordinary manner; and as the fine clothes he had given him ſet off his good mien (for he was well made, and very handſome in his perſon) the King's daughter took a ſecret inclination to him, and the Marquiſs of *Carabas* had no ſooner caſt two or three reſpectful and ſomewhat tender glances, but ſhe fell in love with him to diſtraction. The King made him to come into the coach, and take part of the airing. The Cat, quite raviſhed to ſee his deſign ſucceed, marched on before, and meeting with ſome countrymen, who were mowing a meadow, he ſaid to them, *Good people, you that mow, if you do not tell the King, that the meadow you mow belongs to my Lord Marquiſs of* Carabas, *you ſhall be chop-*

chopped as ſmall as herbs for the pot.

THE King did not fail asking of the mowers, whom the meadow they were mowing belong'd to; to my Lord Marquiſs of *Carabas*, ſaid they all together; for the Cat's threats had made them terribly afraid. You ſee, Sir, ſaid the Marquiſs, this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harveſt every year. The Maſter-Cat, who went ſtill on before, met with ſome reapers, and ſaid to them, *Good people, you that reap, if you do not tell the King, that all this corn belongs to the Lord Marquiſs of* Carabas, *you ſhall be chopped as ſmall as herbs for the pot.*

THE King, who paſſed by a moment after, would know whom all that corn which he then ſaw belong'd to; to my Lord Marquiſs of *Carabas*, ſaid the reapers, and the King

King was very well pleaſed with it, as well as the Marquiſs whom he congratulated thereupon. The Maſter-Cat, who went always before, ſaid the ſame words to all that he met: and the King was aſtoniſhed at the vaſt eſtates of my Lord Marquiſs of *Carabas*. The Maſter-Cat came at laſt to a ſtately caſtle, the maſter of which was an *Ogre*, the richeſt that ever was known; for all the land that the King had then gone over belong'd to this caſtle. The Cat, who had taken care to inform himſelf who this *Ogre* was, and what he could do, asked to ſpeak with him, ſaying, he would not paſs ſo near his caſtle, without having the honour of paying his reſpects to him.

THE *Ogre* received him as civilly as an *Ogre* could do, and made him ſit down. I have been aſſured, ſaid the Cat, that you have the power of changing yourſelf into all

ſorts

ſorts of creatures you have a mind to; you can, for example, tranſform your ſelf into a lion, an elephant, and the like. This is true, ſaid the *Ogre* very briskly, and to convince you, you ſhall ſee me now a lion. The Cat was ſo much frighted to ſee a lion ſtand before him, that he immediately got upon the gutters, not without a great deal of trouble and danger, becauſe of his boots, which were of no uſe to him at all in walking upon the tiles. Some time after, when the Cat ſaw that he had taken his natural form, he came down, and owned he had been very much frightened. I have been moreover informed, ſaid the Cat, but I knew not how to believe it, that you have alſo the power to take on you the ſhape of the ſmalleſt animals; for example, to change your ſelf into a rat or a mouſe, but I muſt own to you, I take this to be impoſſible. Impoſſible! ſaid the

Ogre,

Ogre, you ſhall ſee that preſently, and at the ſame time changed himſelf into a mouſe that began to run about the floor. The Cat no ſooner perceived this, but he fell upon him, and eat him up.

THE King in the mean while, who ſaw, as he paſſed, this fine caſtle of the *Ogre*'s, had a mind to come into it. The Cat, who heard the noiſe of the coach running over the draw-bridge, ran out, and ſaid to the King, Your Majeſty is welcome to this caſtle of my Lord Marquiſs of *Carabas*. What, my Lord Marquiſs, ſaid the King, and does this caſtle alſo belong to you? there can be nothing finer than this court, and all theſe ſtately buildings that ſurround it; let us go into it, if you pleaſe. The Marquiſs gave his hand to the Princeſs, and followed the King, who went up firſt; they came into a great hall, where they found a mag-

magnificent collation, which the *Ogre* had prepared for his friends, who were that very day to come to ſee him, but dared not enter, knowing the King was there. The King was quite charmed with the good Qualities of my Lord Marquiſs of *Carabas*, as was his daughter, who was fallen extremely in love with him; and ſeeing the vaſt eſtate he poſſeſſed, ſaid to him, after having drunk five or ſix glaſſes, it will be owing to yourſelf only, my Lord Marquiſs, if you are not my ſon-in-law. The Marquiſs making ſeveral low bows, accepted the honour the King conferred upon him, and married the ſame day the Princeſs forthwith.

THE Cat became a great Lord, and never ran more after mice, but for his diverſion.

The

The MORAL.

HOw advantageous ere it be,
By long deſcent of pedegree,
T' enjoy a great eſtate.
Yet knowledge how to act we ſee,
Joyn'd with conſummate Induſtry,
Nor wonder ye thereat,
Is for the general of it ſelf alone
To be more uſeful to young people known.

ANOTHER.

IF a miller's ſon gains ſo ſudden the heart
Of a beautiful Princeſs, and makes her impart
Sweet languiſhing glances, eyes dying for love,
It muſt be remark'd of fine clothes how they move.

And

And that youth, a good face, a good
air and good mien.
Are not always indifferent mediums
to win
The hearts of the fair, and gently
inſpire
The flames of ſweet paſſion, and ten-
der deſire.

CIN-

CINDERILLA:

OR,

The little GLASS SLIPPER.

TALE VI.

THERE was once upon a time, a gentleman who married for his ſecond wife the proudeſt and moſt haughty woman that ever was known. She had been a widow, and had by her former

husband two daughters of her own humour, who were exactly like her in all things. He had alſo by a former wife a young daughter, but of an unparallelled goodneſs and ſweetneſs of temper, which ſhe took from her mother, who was the beſt creature in the world.

No ſooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over, but the mother-in-law began to diſplay her ill humour; ſhe could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl; and the leſs, becauſe they made her own daughters ſo much the more hated and deſpiſed. She employed her in the meaneſt work of the houſe, ſhe cleaned the diſhes and ſtands, and rubbed Madam's chamber, and thoſe of the young Madams her daughters: ſhe lay on the top of the houſe in a garret, upon a wretched ſtraw bed, while her ſiſters lay in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, upon beds of the neweſt

neweſt faſhion, and where they had looking-glaſſes ſo large, that they might ſee themſelves at their full length, from head to foot. The poor girl bore all patiently, and dared not tell her father, who would have rattled her off; for his wife governed him intirely. When ſhe had done her work, ſhe uſed to go into the chimney corner, and ſit down upon the cinders, which made her commonly be called in the houſe *Cinderbreech*: but the youngeſt, who was not ſo rude and uncivil as the eldeſt, called her *Cinderilla*. However, *Cinderilla*, notwithſtanding her poor clothes, was a hundred times handſomer than her ſiſters, though they wore the moſt magnificent apparel.

NOW, it happened that the King's ſon gave a ball, and invited all perſons of quality to it: our young ladies were alſo invited; for they made a very great figure.

They were very well pleaſed thereat, and were very buſy in chooſing out ſuch gowns, petticoats, and head-clothes as might become them beſt. This was a new trouble to *Cinderilla*; for it was ſhe that ironed her ſiſters linnen, and plaited their ruffles; they talked all day long of nothing but how they ſhould be dreſs'd. For my part, ſaid the eldeſt, I'll wear my red velvet ſuit, with French trimming. And I, ſaid the youngeſt, will have my common petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I'll put on my gold flowered manteau, and my diamond ſtomacher, which is not the moſt indifferent in the world. They ſent for the beſt tire-woman they could get, to dreſs their heads, and adjuſt their double pinners, and they had their red bruſhes and patches from Mrs. *De la poche*.

Cinderilla adviſed them the beſt in the world, and offered herſelf

to dreſs their heads; which they were very willing ſhe ſhould do. As ſhe was doing this, they ſaid to her, *Cinderilla*, would you not be glad to go to the ball? Ah! ſaid ſhe, you only banter me; it is not for ſuch as I am to go thither. You are in the right of it, ſaid they, it would make the people laugh to ſee a *Cinderbreech* at a ball. Any one but *Cinderilla* would have dreſſed their heads awry; but ſhe was very good, and dreſs'd them perfectly well. They were almoſt two days without eating, ſo much were they tranſported with joy: they broke above a dozen of laces in trying to be laced up cloſe, that they might have a fine ſlender ſhape, and they were continually at their looking-glaſs. At laſt the happy day came; they went to court, and *Cinderilla* followed them with her eyes as long as ſhe could, and when ſhe had loſt ſight of them, ſhe fell a crying.

HER godmother, who ſaw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter? I wiſh I could——, I wiſh I could——; ſhe could not ſpeak the reſt, her tears interrupting her. Her godmother, who was a Fairy, ſaid to her, Thou wiſheſt thou could'ſt go to the ball, is it not ſo? Y——es, ſaid *Cinderilla*, with a great Sob. Well, ſaid her godmother, be but a good girl, and I'll contrive thou ſhalt go. Then ſhe took her into her chamber, and ſaid to her, go into the garden, and bring me a pompion; *Cinderilla* went immediately to gather the fineſt ſhe could get, and brought it to her Godmother, not being able to imagine how this pompion could make her go to the ball: her godmother ſcooped out all the inſide of it, having left nothing but the rind; ſhe ſtruck it with her wand, and the pompion immediately was turned into a fine coach, gilt all over with gold.

After

After that, ſhe went to look into her mouſe-trap, where ſhe found ſix mice all alive; ſhe ordered *Cinderilla* to lift up a little the trap door, and ſhe gave every mouſe that went out a ſtroke with her wand, and the mouſe was that moment turned into a fine horſe, which all together made a very fine ſet of ſix horſes, of a beautiful mouſe-coloured dapple grey. As ſhe was at a loſs for a coach-man, I'll go and ſee, ſays *Cinderilla*, if there be never a rat in the rat-trap, we'll make a coach-man of him. You are in the right, ſaid her godmother, go and ſee. *Cinderilla* brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats: the Fairy made choice of one of the three, which had the largeſt beard, and having touched him with her wand, he was turned into a fat jolly coach-man, that had the fineſt whiskers as ever were ſeen.

AFTER that, ſhe ſaid to her, Go into the garden, and you will find ſix Lizards behind the watering-pot, bring them to me; ſhe had no ſooner done ſo, but her godmother turned them into ſix footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedaubed with gold and ſilver, and clung ſo cloſe behind one another, as if they had done nothing elſe all their lives. The Fairy then ſaid to *Cinderilla*, Well, you ſee here an equipage fit to go to the Ball with; are you not pleaſed with it? O yes, ſaid ſhe, but muſt I go thither as I am, with theſe ugly naſty clothes? Her godmother only juſt touched her with her wand, and at the ſame inſtant her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and ſilver, all beſet with jewels: after this, ſhe gave her a pair of Glaſs Slippers, the fineſt in the world. Being thus dreſs'd out ſhe got

got into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to ſtay beyond twelve a clock at night; telling her at the ſame time, that if ſhe ſtay'd at the ball one moment longer, her coach would be a pompion again, her horſes mice, her footmen lizards, and her clothes reſume their old form.

SHE promiſed her godmother ſhe would not fail of leaving the ball before midnight, and then departed not a little joyful at her good fortune. The King's ſon, who was informed that a great Princeſs, whom they did not know, was come, ran out to receive her; he gave her his hand as ſhe alighted out of the coach, and led her into the hall where the company was: there was a great ſilence; they left off dancing, and the violins ceaſed to play, ſo attentive was every body to contemplate the extraordinary

beauties of this unknown perſon: there was heard nothing but a confuſed noiſe of ha! how handſome ſhe is, ha! how handſome ſhe is. The King himſelf, as old as he was, could not help looking at her, and telling the Queen in a low voice, that it was a long time ſince that he had ſeen ſo beautiful and lovely a creature. All the ladies were buſied in conſidering her clothes and head-dreſs, that they might have ſome made the next day after the ſame pattern, ſuppoſing they might get ſuch fine materials, and as able hands to make them.

THE King's ſon ſhewed her to the moſt honourable place, and afterwards took her out to dance with him: ſhe danced with ſo much gracefulneſs, that they more and more admired her. A fine collation was ſerved up, of which the young Prince eat nothing, ſo much

was he taken up in looking upon her. She went and ſet herſelf down by her ſiſters, and ſhewed them a thouſand civilities: ſhe gave them ſome of the oranges and lemons that the Prince had preſented her with; which very much ſurpriſed them; for they did not know her. While the company was thus employed, *Cinderilla* heard the clock go eleven and three quarters; upon which ſhe immediately made a courteſy to the company, and went away as faſt as ſhe could.

ASSOON as ſhe came home, ſhe went to find out her godmother, and after having thanked her, ſhe told her, ſhe could not but heartily wiſh to go the next day to the ball, becauſe the King's ſon had deſired her. As ſhe was buſie in telling her godmother every thing that had paſſed at the ball, her two ſiſters knock'd at the door, *Cinderilla* went and opened it. You have

ſtay'd

ſtay'd a long while, ſaid ſhe, gaping, rubbing her eyes, and ſtretching herſelf as if ſhe had been juſt awaked out of her ſleep; ſhe had however no manner of inclination to ſleep ſince they went from home. If thou hadſt been at the ball, ſaid one of her ſiſters, thou would'ſt not have been tired with it: there came thither the moſt beautiful Princeſs, the moſt beautiful that ever was ſeen; ſhe ſhewed us a thouſand civilities, and gave us oranges and lemons. *Cinderilla* ſeem'd indifferent; ſhe asked them the name of that Princeſs; but they told her they did not know it, and that the King's ſon was very uneaſy on her account, and would give all the world to know where ſhe was. At this *Cinderilla* ſmiled, and ſaid, ſhe muſt then be very handſome indeed; Lord how happy have you been, could not I ſee her? Ah! good Madam *Charlotte*, lend me your yellow ſuit of clothes

that you wear every day. Undoubtedly, ſaid Madam *Charlotte*, lend my clothes to ſuch a Cinderbreech as you are, who is fool then? *Cinderilla* was very glad of the refuſal, for ſhe would have been ſadly put to it, if her ſiſter had lent her her clothes.

THE next day the two ſiſters were at the ball, and ſo was *Cinderilla*, but dreſſed more richly than ſhe was at firſt. The King's ſon was always by her, and ſaying abundance of tender things to her; the young lady was no ways tired, and forgot what her godmother had recommended to her, ſo that ſhe heard the clock begin to ſtrike twelve, when ſhe thought it was only eleven, ſhe then roſe up and fled as nimble as a deer: the Prince followed her, but could not catch hold of her; ſhe dropt one of her Glaſs Slippers, which the Prince took up very carefully; *Cinderilla*

derilla came home quite out of breath, without coach or ſootmen, and in her old ugly clothes; ſhe had nothing left her of all her finery, but one of the little Slippers, fellow to that ſhe drop'd. The guards at the palace-gate were asked if they had not ſeen a Princeſs go out, who ſaid, they had ſeen no body go out, but a young woman very badly dreſs'd, and who had more the air of a poor country wench than a lady.

WHEN the two ſiſters returned from the ball, *Cinderilla* asked them, if they had been well diverted, and if the fine lady had been there; they told her, Yes, but that ſhe flew away aſſoon as it had ſtruck twelve a clock, and with ſo much haſte, that ſhe drop'd one of her little Glaſs Slippers, the prettieſt in the world, and which the King's ſon had taken up, that he did nothing but look at her all the time

of

of the ball, and that certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful perſon who owned the little Slipper. What they ſaid was very true; for a few days after, the King's ſon cauſed it to be proclaimed by ſound of trumpet, that he would marry her whoſe foot this Slipper would juſt fit. They began to try it on upon the princeſſes, then the dutcheſſes, and all the court, but in vain; it was brought to the two ſiſters, who did all they poſſibly could to thruſt their foot into the Slipper, but they could not effect it. *Cinderilla*, who ſaw all this, and knew the Slipper, ſaid to them laughing, Let me ſee if it will not fit me; her ſiſters burſt out a laughing, and began to banter her. The gentleman who was ſent to try the Slipper, looked earneſtly at *Cinderilla*, and finding her very handſome, ſaid, it was but juſt that ſhe ſhould try, and that he had orders to let every bo-

dy

dy do ſo. He made *Cinderilla* ſit down, and putting the Slipper to her foot, he found it went in very eaſily, and fitted her, as if it had been made of wax. The aſtoniſhment her two ſiſters were in, were very great; but much greater, when *Cinderilla* pulled out of her pocket the other Slipper, and put it upon her foot. Upon this her godmother came in, who having touch'd with her wand *Cinderilla*'s clothes, made them more rich and magnificent than ever they were before.

And now, her two ſiſters found her to be that fine beautiful lady that they had ſeen at the ball. They threw themſelves at her feet, to beg pardon for all the ill treatment they had made her undergo. *Cinderilla* took them up, and told them, as ſhe embraced them, that ſhe forgave them with all her heart, and deſired them always to love her.

her. She was conducted to the young Prince dreſs'd as ſhe was: he thought her more beautiful than ever, and a few days after married her. *Cinderilla*, who was as good as handſome, gave her two ſiſters lodgings in the palace, and married them the ſame day to two great lords of the court.

The MORAL.

BEauty's to the ſex a treaſure,
We ſtill admire it without meaſure,
And never yet was any known
By ſtill admiring weary grown.
But that thing, which we call good grace,
Exceeds by far a handſome face;
Its charms by far ſurpaſs the other,
And this was what her good godmother
Beſtow'd on CINDERILLA *fair,*
Whom ſhe inſtructed with ſuch care,
And

And gave her ſuch a graceful mien,
That ſhe became thereby a Queen.
For thus (may ever truth prevail)
We draw our moral from this Tale.
This quality, fair ladies, know
Prevails much more, you'll find it ſo,
T'engage and captivate a heart,
Than a fine head dreſs'd up with art;
'Tis the true gift of heaven and fate,
Without it none in any ſtate
Effectual any thing can do;
But with it all things well and true.

ANOTHER.

A Great advantage 'tis, no doubt, to man,
To have wit, courage, birth, good ſenſe and brain,
And other ſuch like Qualities, which we
Receiv'd from heaven's kind hand and deſtiny.

But

But none of theſe rich graces from above,
In your advancement in the world will prove
Of any uſe, if Godſires make delay,
Or Godmothers your merit to diſplay.

RIQUET

RIQUET
A la HOUPE.

TALE VII.

THERE was once upon a time a Queen, who was brought to bed of a ſon, ſo deform'd, and ſo very ugly, that they were a long while doubting, whether he had human ſhape. A Fairy, who was

was at his birth, ſaid, he would be very aimable for all that, for he would have a great deal of wit; ſhe added moreover, that it ſhould be in his power, by virtue of a gift ſhe had given him, to give as much wit as he pleaſed to the perſon he ſhould love beſt. All this ſomewhat comforted the poor Queen, who was under a very great affliction, for having brought into the world ſuch an ugly Marmot. It is true, that this child no ſooner began to prattle, but he ſaid a thouſand pretty things, and had ſomething of I know not what of ſuch a wittineſs, that he charmed every body. I forgot to tell you, that he came into the world with a little *Houpe* *, or Tuft of hair upon his head, which made them call him *Riquet a la Houpe*; for *Riquet* was the name of the family.

* *Houpe* ſignifies a Tuft.

SEVEN

SEVEN or eight years after this, the Queen of a neighbouring kingdom was brought to bed of two daughters, the firſt that came into the world was fairer than the day: the Queen was ſo very glad at it, that they were afraid that her exceſs of joy would do her harm. The ſame Fairy, who had aſſiſted at the birth of little *Riquet a la Houpe*, was preſent; and to moderate the joy of the Queen, ſhe declared that this little Princeſs ſhould have no manner of wit, but ſhould be as ſtupid as ſhe was handſome. This very much mortified the Queen; but ſome moments afterwards ſhe had far greater ſorrow; for the ſecond daughter ſhe was delivered of, was extremely ugly. Do not afflict your ſelf ſo much, Madam, ſaid the Fairy: your daughter ſhall have it made up to her otherwiſe, and ſhe ſhall have ſo great a ſhare of wit, that

that ſcarce any body ſhall perceive her want of beauty. God grant it, ſaid the Queen; but is there no way to make the eldeſt, who is ſo very handſome, have any wit? I can do nothing for her, Madam, as to wit, replied the Fairy, but every thing as to beauty: and as there is nothing but what I would do for your ſatisfaction, *I give her for gift*, that ſhe ſhall have the power to make handſome the perſon who ſhall beſt pleaſe her.

In proportion, as theſe Princeſſes grew up, their perfections grew up with them; all the publick talk was of the beauty of the eldeſt, and the wit of the youngeſt. It is true alſo, that their defects greatly increaſed with their age; the youngeſt had an ugly turn of her eyes, and the eldeſt grew every day more and more ſtupid; ſhe either made no anſwer at all to what was asked her, or ſaid ſomewhat very

very ſilly; ſhe was with all this ſo very unhandy, that ſhe could not place four pieces of *China* upon the mantle-piece, without breaking one of them, nor drink a glaſs of water without ſpilling half of it upon her clothes. Though beauty is a very great advantage in young people, yet here the youngeſt ſiſter carried away the bell almoſt always in all companies from the eldeſt; they would go up indeed to the *Beauty* to look upon and admire her, but turn aſide ſoon after to the *Wit*, to hear a thouſand things the moſt entertaining and agreeable; and it was amazing to ſee in leſs than a quarter of an hour's time, the eldeſt with not a ſoul with her, and the whole company crowding about the youngeſt. The eldeſt, though ſhe was very ſtupid, took particular notice of it, and would have given all her beauty to have half the wit of her ſiſter. The Queen, as ſage as ſhe was, could not

not help reproaching her ſeveral times, which had like to have made this poor Princeſs die for grief.

ONE day, as ſhe retired into the wood to bewail her misfortune, ſhe ſaw running up to her, a little man very diſagreeable, but moſt magnificently and richly dreſs'd. This was the young Prince *Riquet à la Houpe*, who having fallen in love with her, by ſeeing her picture, which went all the world over, had left his father's kingdom, to have the pleaſure of ſeeing and talking with her; overjoy'd to find her thus all alone, he addreſſed himſelf to her with all the civility and reſpect imaginable. Having obſerved, after he had made his ordinary complements, that ſhe was extremely melancholy, he ſaid to her, I cannot comprehend, Madam, how a perſon ſo beautiful as you are, can be ſo ſorrowful as you ſeem to be;

for though I can boaſt of having ſeen an infinite number of ladies exquiſitely handſome, I cannot ſay that ever I ſaw any one whoſe beauty comes near yours. You are pleaſed to ſay ſo, ſaid the Princeſs; and here ſhe ſtopp'd. Beauty, replied *Riquet a la Houpe*, is ſo great an advantage, that it ought to take place of every thing; and ſince you poſſeſs this Treaſure, I ſee nothing can poſſibly very much afflict or trouble you. I had much rather, ſaid the Princeſs, be as ugly as you are, and have wit, than have the beauty I poſſeſs, and be ſo ſtupid as I am. There is nothing, Madam, replied he, ſhews more that we have wit, than to believe we have none; and it is the nature of that excellent quality, that the more people have of it, the more they believe they want it. I do not know that, ſaid the Princeſs, but I know very well, that I am very dull and ſtupid, and hence pro-

proceeds the exceſſive *Chagrin* and uneaſineſs that almoſt kills me.

IF that be all, Madam, which troubles you, I can very eaſily put an end to your affliction. And how? ſaid the Princeſs. I have the power, Madam, ſaid *Riquet a la Houpe*, to give to that perſon whom I muſt love beſt, as much of that excellent quality as poſſibly can be made uſe of; and as you, Madam, are that very perſon, it will be your fault only, if you have not as great a ſhare of it as any one living, provided you will reſolve ſeriouſly to marry me. The Princeſs was ſtruck quite dumb at theſe words, ſhe could not anſwer a ſyllable. I ſee, replied *Riquet a la Houpe*, that this propoſal makes you very uneaſy, and I do not wonder at it; but I will give you a whole year to conſider of it.

THE Princeſs had ſo little wit, and ſo great a deſire of having ſome, that ſhe imagined the end of that year would never be; ſo that ſhe accepted of the propoſal that was made to her. She had no ſooner promiſed *Riquet a la Houpe*, that ſhe would marry him on that day twelve-month, than ſhe found herſelf quite otherwiſe than ſhe was before; ſhe had an incredible facility of ſpeaking whatever ſhe had a mind, and that too, after a fine, eaſy and natural manner: ſhe began that moment a very agreeable converſation with *Riquet a la Houpe*, where ſhe tattled ſo powerfully that *Riquet a laHoupe* believed he had given her more wit than he had reſerved for himſelf.

WHEN ſhe returned to the palace, the whole court knew not what to think of ſuch a ſudden and

and extraordinary change; for they heard from her now as much ſenſible diſcourſe, and as many infinitely witty turns, as they had ſtupid and ſilly impertinencies before. The whole court was ſo much overjoyed at it, as was beyond imagination; every body was well pleaſed, but her ſiſter, becauſe having no longer the advantage of her in reſpect of wit, ſhe appeared in compariſon of her a very diſagreeable old Puſs. The King governed himſelf by her advice, and would even ſometimes hold a council in her apartment. The noiſe of this change ſpreading itſelf every where, all the young princes of the neighbouring kingdoms ſtrove all they could to get into her good graces; and almoſt all of them asked her in marriage; but ſhe found not one of them had wit enough for her, and ſhe heard their courtſhip, but would engage herſelf to none of them. How-

ever, there came one ſo powerful, rich, witty and handſome, that ſhe could not help having a good Inclination for him. Her father perceived it, and told her, that ſhe was her own miſtreſs as to the choice of a husband, and that ſhe might declare her intentions. As the more wit we have, the greater difficulty we find to make a firm reſolution upon ſuch an affair; this made her deſire her Father, after having thanked him, to give her time to conſider of it. She went accidentally to walk in the ſame wood where ſhe met *Riquet a la Houpe*, to think the more conveniently what ſhe had to do. While ſhe was walking in a profound meditation, ſhe heard a confuſed noiſe under her feet, as it were of a great many people that went backwards and forwards, and were very buſy. Having liſtened more attentively, ſhe heard one ſay, bring me that pot; another, give me that kettle; and a

third,

third, put ſome wood upon the fire. The ground at the ſame time opened, and ſhe ſaw under her feet, as it were, a great kitchen full of cooks, ſcullions, and all ſorts of officers neceſſary for a magnificent entertainment. There came out of it a company of roaſters, to the number of twenty, or thirty, who went to plant themſelves in an alley of the wood about a very long table, with their larding pins in their hands, and foxes-tails in their caps, who began to work in time, to the tune of a very harmonious ſong. The Princeſs, all aſtoniſhed at this ſight, asked them whom they worked for? For Prince *Riquet a la Houpe*, ſaid the foremoſt of them, who is to be married to morrow. The Princeſs more ſupriſed than ever, and recollecting that it was now that day twelvemonth that ſhe had promiſed to marry *Riquet a la Houpe*, ſhe was like to ſink to the ground: what

made her forget this, was, that when ſhe made this promiſe, ſhe was very ſilly, and having gotten a vaſt ſtock of wit which the Prince had beſtowed on her, ſhe had entirely forgotten her ſtupidity. She continued walking, but had not taken thirty ſteps before *Riquet a la Houpe* preſented himſelf to her, bravely and moſt magnificently dreſs'd, like a prince who was going to be married. You ſee, Madam, ſaid he, I am very exact in keeping my word, and doubt not in the leaſt but you are come hither to keep yours, and to make me, by giving me your hand, the happieſt of men. I ſhall freely own to you, anſwered the Princeſs, that I have not yet taken any reſolution on this affair, and believe I never ſhall take ſuch a one as you deſire. You aſtoniſh me, Madam, ſaid *Riquet a la Houpe.* I believe it, ſaid the Princeſs, and ſurely if I had to do with a clown, or a man of no wit,

I ſhould

I ſhould find my ſelf very much at a loſs. A princeſs is as good as her word, would he ſay to me, and you muſt marry me, ſince you promiſed to do ſo. But as he whom I talk to is the man of the world who is maſter of the greateſt ſenſe and judgment, I am ſure he will hear reaſon. You know, that when I was but very ſilly, I could notwithſtanding never come to a Reſolution to marry you, why will you have me, now I have ſo much judgment as you gave me, and which makes me a more difficult perſon than I was at that time, to come to ſuch a Reſolution, which I could not then determine to agree to? If you ſincerely thought to make me your wife, you have been much in the wrong to deprive me of my dull ſimplicity, and make me ſee things much more clearly than I did.

If a man of no wit and ſenſe, replied *Riquet a la Houpe*, would be well received, as you ſay, in reproaching you for breach of your word, why will you not let me, Madam, have the ſame uſage in an affair, where all the happineſs of my life is concern'd? is it reaſonable that perſons of wit and ſenſe ſhould be in a worſe condition than thoſe who have none? can you pretend this, you who have ſo great a ſhare, and deſired ſo earneſtly to have it? But let us come to fact, if you pleaſe. Setting aſide my uglineſs and deformity, is there any thing in me that diſpleaſes you? are you diſſatisfy'd with my birth? my wit, humour or manners? Not at all, anſwered the Princeſs, I love and reſpect in you all what you mention. If it be ſo, ſaid *Riquet a la Houpe*, I am happy, ſince it is in your power to make me the moſt aimable of men. How

can

can that be, ſaid the Princeſs? It is done, ſaid *Riquet a la Houpe*, if you love me enough to wiſh it were ſo; and that you may noways doubt, Madam, of what I ſay, know that the ſame Fairy who on my birth day, *gave me for Gift* the power of making the perſon, who ſhould pleaſe me, extremely witty and judicious, has in like manner *given you for gift* the power of making him whom you love, and would grant that favour to, be extremely handſome. If it be ſo, ſaid the Princeſs, I wiſh with all my heart, that you may be the moſt aimable prince in the world, and I will give you this rare gift, as much as is in my power.

THE Princeſs had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, but *Riquet a la Houpe* appeared to her the fineſt Prince in the world, the moſt handſome and moſt aimable that ever was known. Some authors affirm, that

that this was not owing to the charms of the Fairy, which worked this change, but love alone cauſed the Metamorphoſis. They ſay, that the Princeſs having made due reflection on the perſeverance of her lover, his diſcretion, and all the good qualities of his mind, his wit and judgment, ſaw no longer the deformity of his body, nor the ugline ſs of his face; that his hump ſeem'd to her no more than the air of one who had a broad back; and that whereas till then ſhe ſaw him frightfully lame, ſhe found it nothing more than a certain bending air, which charm'd her. They ſay further, that his eyes, which were very ſquinting, ſeem'd to her moſt bright and ſparkling, that their irregular turns paſs'd in her judgment for a mark of a violent exceſs of love; and, in ſhort, that his great red noſe had, in her opinion, ſomewhat of the martial and heroick. However it was, the Prin-

Princeſs promiſed immediately to marry him, on condition he obtain'd her father's conſent. The King being acquainted, that his daughter had a great deal of eſteem for *Riquet a la Houpe*, whom he knew otherwiſe for a moſt ſage and judicious prince, received him for his ſon-in-law with pleaſure; and the next morning their nuptials were celebrated, as *Riquet a la Houpe* had foreſeen, and according to the orders he had a long time before given.

The MORAL.

WHat in this little tale we find
Is leſs a fable than the real truth.
In whom we love appear rare gifts of mind
And body too: wit, judgment, beauty, youth.

ANOTHER.

AN object, where are drawn by nature's hand,
Beautiful traces, and the lively ſtain
Of ſuch complexion art can ne'er attain,
With all their gifts have not ſo much command
On hearts, as hath one ſecret charm alone
Love there finds out, to all beſides unknown.

LITTLE POUCET,

AND

His two BROTHERS.

TALE VIII.

THERE was once upon a time a man and his wife, who made faggots for their livelihood, they had ſeven children all boys. The eldeſt was but ten years old, and the youngeſt but ſeven.

ſeven. People were amazed, that the faggot-maker had ſo many children in ſo ſmall a time; but it was becauſe his wife went quick about her buſineſs, and brought never leſs than two at a time. They were very poor, and their ſeven children incommoded them very much; becauſe not one of them was able to get his bread. That which gave them yet more uneaſineſs, was, that the youngeſt was of a very tender conſtitution, and ſcarce ever ſpoke a word, which made them take that for ſtupidity, which was a ſign of good ſenſe; he was very little, and was no bigger when he was born than one's thumb, which made him be called *Little Poucet*, which ſignifies little Thumb.

THE poor child bore the blame of every thing that was done amiſs in the houſe, and he was always in the wrong: he was, notwithſtanding

ſtanding all this, more cunning, and had a far greater ſhare of wiſdom than all his brothers put together; and if he ſpoke little, he heard and thought the more.

THERE happen'd now to come a very bad year, and the famine was ſo great, that theſe poor people reſolved to rid themſelves of their children. One evening, when they were all in bed, and the faggot-maker was ſitting with his wife at the fire, he ſaid to her, with his heart ready to break with grief, Thou ſeeſt, *Mary*, that we cannot keep our children, and I cannot ſee them die before my face; I am reſolved to loſe them in the wood to morrow, which may very eaſily be done; for while they are buſy in tying up the faggots, we may run away, and leave them, without their taking the leaſt notice. Ah! cried out his wife, and canſt thou thy ſelf, *Nicholas*, have the heart to take

take the children out along with thee, on purpoſe to loſe them? In vain did her husband repreſent to her their extreme poverty, ſhe would not conſent to it; ſhe was poor it was true, but ſhe was their mother. However, having conſidered what a grief it would be to her to ſee them die with hunger, ſhe at laſt conſented, and went to bed all in tears.

Little Poucet heard every thing that was ſaid; for having underſtood, as he lay in his bed, by ſome certain words, what they were talking of, he got up very ſoftly, and ſlid himſelf under his father's ſtool, that he might hear what they ſaid, without being ſeen himſelf. He went to bed again, but did not ſleep a wink all the reſt of the night, thinking on what he had to do. He got up early in the morning, and went to the river's ſide, where he filled his pockets

pockets full of ſmall white pebbles, and then returned home. They all went abroad, but *Little Poucet* never told his brothers one ſyllable of what he knew. They went into a very thick forreſt, where they could not ſee one another at ten feet diſtance. The Faggot-maker began to cut wood, and the children to gather up the branches to make faggots. Their father and mother ſeeing them buſy at their work, got from them inſenſibly, and then ran away from them all at once, through the winding buſhes. When the children ſaw they were left alone, they began to cry as loud as they could. *Little Poucet* let them cry on, knowing very well how to get home again; for as he came out, he dropt all along the way the little white pebbles he had in his pockets. Then he ſaid to them, don't be afraid, Brothers, Father and Mother have left us here

here, but I'll bring you home again, only follow me; they did ſo, and he brought them home by the very ſame way that they came into the forreſt: they dared not go in, but ſat themſelves down at the door, to hear what their Father and Mother ſaid.

THE very moment that the Faggot-maker and his Wife came home, the lord of the manour ſent them ten crowns which he had owed them a long while, and which they never expected to ſee. This gave them new life; for the poor people were dying for hunger. The Faggot-maker ſent his Wife immediately to the butchers. As it was a long while ſince they had eaten any thing, they bought three times as much meat as would ſup two people: when they had eaten their fill, his wife ſaid, Alas! where are now our poor children? they would make a good feaſt of

what

what we have left; but as it was you, *Nicholas*, who had a mind to loſe them, I told you we ſhould repent of it, what are they now doing in the forreſt? Alas! dear God, the wolves have eaten them up: thou haſt been very inhumane thus to have loſt thy children.

THE Faggot-maker grew at laſt extremely angry, for ſhe repeated it above twenty times, that they ſhould repent of it, and that ſhe was in the right of it for ſo ſaying. He threatened to beat her, if ſhe did not hold her tongue. It was not that the Faggot-maker was not perhaps more ſorry than his Wife, but that ſhe continually teized him, and that he was of the humour of a great many others, who love thoſe wives who ſpeak well, but think thoſe very importunate that have always done ſo. She was all in tears: Alas! where are now my children, my poor children? She ſpoke this

once

once, ſo very loud, that the children who were at the door, began to cry out altogether, Here we are, here we are: ſhe ran immediately to open the door, and ſaid to them as ſhe kiſſed them, I am glad to ſee you, my dear children, you are very hungry and weary; and *Billy*, you are very dirty, come in and let me clean you. Now, you muſt know, that *Billy* was her eldeſt ſon, which ſhe loved above all the reſt, becauſe he was ſomewhat red-hair'd, as ſhe herſelf was. They ſat down to ſupper, and eat with ſuch an appetite as pleaſed both father and mother, to whom they told how much afraid they were in the forreſt, ſpeaking almoſt always all together. This good couple were extremely glad to ſee their children once more at home; and this joy continued as long as the ten crowns laſted; but when the money was all gone, they fell again into their former uneaſineſs, and reſolved

ſolved to loſe them once more; and that they might be the more certain of it, to carry them at a much greater diſtance than they had done before. They could not talk of this ſo ſecretly, but *Little Poucet* heard it, who made account to get out of this difficulty as well as the former; but though he got up very betimes in the morning, to go and pick up ſome little pebbles, he was diſappointed; for the door of the houſe was double-locked. He was at a ſtand what to do; when their Father had given each of them a piece of bread for their breakfaſt, he fancied he might make uſe of his piece in ſtead of the pebbles, by throwing it in little bits all along the way they ſhould paſs; he put it up therefore very cloſe into his pocket. Their Father and Mother brought them into the thickeſt and moſt obſcure part of the forreſt, and when they were there, they got to a by-path, and left

left them there. *Little Poucet* was not uneaſy at it; for he thought he could very eaſily find the way again, by means of his bread which he had ſcattered all the way he went; but he was very much ſurprized, when he could not find ſo much as one crumb; the birds came and had eaten it up every bit. They were now in a great deal of trouble; for they wandered ſtill more and more out of their way, and were more and more bewildered in the foreſt.

NIGHT now came on, and there aroſe a very great wind, which made them dreadfully afraid; they fancied they heard on every ſide of them the howling of wolves that were coming to eat them up; they ſcarce dared to ſpeak or turn their heads. After this, it rained very hard, which wetted them to the skin; their feet ſlipped at every ſtep they took, and they fell into the mire, whence

whence they got up in a very dirty condition, and were forced to go upon all four. *Little Poucet* climbed up to the top of a tree, to ſee if he could diſcover any thing; having turned his head about on every ſide, he ſaw at laſt a glimmering light, as it were of a candle, but a long way from the forreſt: he came down, and then he could ſee nothing of it; which made him very comfortleſs. However, having walked for ſome time with his brothers towards that ſide on which he had ſeen the light; he perceived it again when they came out of the wood.

THEY came at laſt to a houſe where this candle was, not without abundance of fear; for very often they loſt ſight of it, which happened every time they came into a bottom. They knocked at the door, and a good woman came and opened it; ſhe asked them what

they would have; *Little Poucet* told her, they were poor children, that had been loſt in the forreſt, and deſired to lodge there for God's ſake. The woman ſeeing them ſo very pretty, began to weep, and ſaid to them, Alas! poor children, whence came ye; do you know that this houſe belongs to an *Ogre*, that eats up little children? Ah! dear Madam, anſwered *Little Poucet*, who trembled every joint of him, as well as his brothers, what ſhall we do? it is moſt certain, that the wolves of the forreſt will not fail to eat us to night, if you refuſe us to lie here; and this being ſo, we would rather the gentleman your husband ſhould eat us, and perhaps he may take pity upon us, eſpecially if you intercede with him. The *Ogre*'s wife, who believed ſhe could conceal them from her husband till the morning, let them come in, and brought them into the kitchen, that they might

warm themſelves at a very good fire; for there was a whole ſheep upon the ſpit roaſting for the *Ogre*'s ſupper. As they began to warm themſelves, they heard three or four great raps at the door; this was the *Ogre* that was come home. Upon this ſhe hid them under the bed, and went to open the door. The *Ogre* then asked if ſupper was ready, and the wine drawn, and then ſat himſelf down to table. The ſheep was as yet all raw and bloody; but he liked it the better for that. He ſniffed upon the right hand and upon the left, ſaying, he ſmelt freſh meat; what you ſmell ſo, ſaid his wife, muſt be the calf which I have juſt now killed and flead. I ſmell freſh meat, I tell thee once more, replied the *Ogre*, looking croſsly at his wife, and there is ſomething here that I don't underſtand; as he ſpoke theſe words, he got up from the table, and went directly to the

bed. Ah, ha! ſaid he, I ſee then how thou would'ſt cheat me, thou curſed woman, I don't know why I don't eat up thee too, but thou art an old beaſt. Here is good game that comes very luckily to entertain three *Ogres* of my acquaintance, who are to come to ſee me in a day or two. The poor children fell upon their knees, and begged his pardon, but they had to do with one of the moſt cruel *Ogres* in the world, who, far from having any pity on them, had already devoured them with his eyes, and told his wife, they would be delicate eating, when toſſed up with an anchovie, and caper ſauce. He then took a great knife, and coming up to theſe poor children, whetted it upon a great whet-ſtone that he had in his left hand. He had already taken hold of one of them, when his wife ſaid to him, what need you do it now? is it not time enough to morrow? Hold

your

your prating, ſaid the *Ogre*, they will eat the tenderer. But you have ſo much victuals already, replied his wife, you have no occaſion; here is a calf, two ſheep, and half a hog. That is true, ſaid the *Ogre*, give them their belly full, that they may not fall away, and put them to bed.

THE good woman was overjoy'd at this, and gave them a good ſupper, but they were ſo much afraid, they could not eat a bit. As for the *Ogre*, he ſat down again to drink, being highly pleaſed that he had gotten wherewithal to treat his friends. He drank a dozen glaſſes more than ordinary, which got up into his head, and obliged him to go to bed.

THE *Ogre* had ſeven daughters, all little children, and theſe little *Ogreſſes* had all of them very fine complexions, becauſe they

uſed to eat freſh meat like their father; but they had little grey eyes and intirely round, hooked noſes, very large mouths, and very long ſharp teeth, ſtanding at a pretty diſtance from each other. They were not yet very wicked, but they promiſed it very much, for they had already bitten ſeveral little children, that they might ſuck their blood. They were put to bed very early, and they lay all ſeven in a great bed, with every one a crown of gold upon her head. There was in the ſame chamber another bed of the ſame bigneſs, and it was into this bed the *Ogre*'s wife put the ſeven little boys, after which ſhe went to bed to her huſband. *Little Poucet*, who had obſerved that the *Ogre*'s Daughters had crowns of gold upon their heads, and was afraid leſt the *Ogre* ſhould repent his not killing of them, got up about midnight; and taking his brothers bonnets and his

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own, went very ſoftly, and put them upon the heads of the ſeven little *Ogreſſes*, after having taken off their crowns of gold, which he put upon his own head and his brothers, that the *Ogre* might take them for his daughters, and his daughters for the little boys that he had a mind to kill. All this ſucceeded according to his deſire; for the *Ogre* waking a little after, and ſorry he deferred to do that till the morning, which he might have done over night, he threw himſelf haſtily out of bed, and taking his great knife, Let us ſee, ſaid he, how our little rogues do, and not make two jobs of the matter. He then went up, groping all the way into his daughters chamber; and coming up to the bed where the little boys lay, and who were every ſoul of them faſt aſleep, except *Little Poucet*, who was terribly afraid when he found the *Ogre* feeling about his head, as he had

done about his brothers. The *Ogre*, who felt the crowns of gold, ſaid, I ſhould have made a fine piece of work of it truly, I find I have taken too much of the bottle laſt night, that is certain. Then he went to the bed where the girls lay; and having felt the boys little Bonnets. Hah! ſaid he, my merry little lads, are you there? let us work hard; and ſaying theſe words, he cut, without more ado, the throats of all his ſeven little daughters. Well pleaſed with what he had done, he went to bed again to his wife. Aſſoon as *Little Poucet* heard the *Ogre* ſnore, he waked his brothers, and bad them put on their clothes preſently and follow him: they ſtole down ſoftly into the garden, and got over the wall. They kept running almoſt all night, and continually trembled, without knowing which way they went.

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THE *Ogre*, when he awoke, ſaid to his wife, Go up ſtairs, and dreſs the little rogues that came here laſt night: the *Ogreſs* was very much ſurprized at this goodneſs of her husband, not dreaming after what manner he intended ſhe ſhould dreſs them; but thinking that he had ordered her to go and put on their clothes, went up, and was very much ſurprized, when ſhe perceived her ſeven daughters killed, and weltering in their own blood. She fainted away; for this is the firſt expedient almoſt all women find in the like misfortunes. The *Ogre* fearing his wife would be too long in doing what he had commanded her, went up himſelf to help her. He was no leſs aſtoniſhed than his wife, at this frightful ſpectacle. Ah! what have I done? cried he, the curſed rogues ſhall pay for it, and that preſently too. He threw then a pitcher of water upon his

wife's face; and having brough her to herſelf, give me quickly ſaid he, my boots of ſeven leagues, that I may go and catch them. He went out into the high way; and having run over a great deal of ground both on this ſide and that; he came at laſt into the very road where the poor children were, who were not above an hundred paces from their father's houſe. They ſpied the *Ogre*, who went at one ſtep from mountain to mountain, and over rivers as eaſily as the narroweſt gutters. *Little Poucet* ſeeing a hollow rock near the place where they were, made his brothers hide themſelves in it, and crept into it himſelf, minding always what would become of the *Ogre*.

THE *Ogre*, who found himſelf very weary, after ſo long a journey, to no manner of purpoſe (for theſe ſame boots of ſeven leagues, fa-

fatigue their man very much) had a great mind to reſt himſelf, and by chance went to ſit down upon the rock where theſe little boys had hidden themſelves. As it was impoſſible he could be more weary than he was, he fell aſleep; and after repoſing himſelf ſome time, began to ſnore ſo frightfully, that the poor children were no leſs afraid of him, than when he held up his great knife, and was going to cut their throats. *Little Poucet* was not ſo much frightened as his brothers, and told them, that they ſhould run away immediately towards home, while the *Ogre* ſlept ſo ſoundly, and that they ſhould not be in any pain about him. They took his advice, and got home preſently. *Little Poucet* came up to the *Ogre*, pulled off his boots, and put them on upon his own legs; the boots were very long and large; but as they were Fairies, they were capable of growing big

and

and little, according to the legs of thoſe that wore them; ſo that they fittted his feet and legs as well as if they had been made on purpoſe for him. He went immediately to the *Ogre*'s houſe, where he ſaw his wife crying bitterly for the loſs of her children that were murdered.

YOUR husband, ſaid *Little Poucet*, is in very great danger, being taken by a gang of thieves, who have ſworn to kill him, if he does not give them all his gold and ſilver. The very moment they held their daggers at his throat, he perceived me, and deſired me to come and tell you the condition he is in, and that you ſhould give me every thing he has that is valuable, without exception; for otherwiſe they will kill him without mercy: and as his caſe is very preſſing, he deſires me to make uſe (you ſee I have them on) of his boots of ſeven leagues, that I might

might make the more haſte, and to ſhew you that I do not impoſe upon you.

THE good woman being very much affrighted, gave him all ſhe had: for this *Ogre* was a very good husband, though he uſed to eat up little children. *Little Poucet* having thus gotten all the *Ogre*'s money, came home to his father's houſe, where he was received with a great deal of Joy.

THERE are a great many Authors, who do not agree in this laſt circumſtance, and pretend, that *Little Poucet* never robbed the *Ogre* of his caſh, and that he only thought he might very equitably, and according to good conſcience, take off his boots of ſeven leagues, becauſe he made uſe of them for no other end, but to run after little children. Theſe Gentlemen ſay, that they are very well aſſured of this

this, and the more, as having drank and eaten often at the Faggot-maker's houſe. They ſay further, that when *Little Poucet* had taken off the *Ogre*'s boots, he went to Court, where he was informed that they were very much in pain about an army that was two hundred leagues off, and the Succeſs of a battle. He went, ſay they, to the King, and told him, that if he deſired it, he would bring him News from the army before night. The King promiſed him a great ſum of money upon that condition. *Little Poucet* was as good as his word, and returned that ſame very night with the news; and this firſt expedition cauſing him to be known, he got whatever he pleas'd; for the King paid him very well for carrying his orders to the army, and abundance of ladies gave him what he would to bring them news from their lovers; and that this was his greateſt gain. There were ſome

mar-

married women too, who ſent Letters by him to their husbands, but they paid him ſo ill, that it was not worth his while, and turned to no manner of account. After having for ſome time carried on the buſineſs of a meſſenger, and gained thereby a great deal of money, he went home to his father, where it was impoſſible to expreſs the joy they were all in at his return. He made the whole family very eaſy, bought places for his father and brothers; and by that means ſettled them very handſomely in the world, and in the mean time made his own court to perfection.

The MORAL.

THAT many children parents don't repine,
If handſome, and their wits and judgments ſhine,

Polite

Polite in carriage, and in body ſtrong,
Graceful in mien, and elegant in
tongue.
But if one of them prove perchance
but weak,
Him they deſpiſe, laugh at, defraud
and cheat.
Such is the wretched world's curs'd
way; and yet
Sometimes this little deſpicable thing,
This poor Marmot, which ſo deſpiſed
we ſee,
By unforeſeen Events ſhall honour
bring,
And happy weal to all the family.

THE DISCREET PRINCESS; OR THE ADENTURES OF *FINETTA.*

A NOVEL.

TO the Right Honourable the Lady MARY MONTAGU, Daughter to the moſt High, moſt Puiſſant, and moſt Noble Prince, JOHN Duke of MONTAGU, *&c*, *&c*, *&c*. Knight of the moſt Noble Order

Order of the GARTER, and Knight and Grand Maſter of the moſt Honourable Order of the BATH.

MADAM,

THE agreeable and pretty novel which I take the liberty to preſent to your Ladiſhip, was dedicated in the Original, to the Counteſs of *Murat*, a Lady, whom the Author juſtly complements, on account of her uncommon delicacy of taſte in this way of writing, and who was alſo celebrated for her fine compoſitions of this nature in rhyme and poetick number, and conſequently of maturity of age and diſcernment: aſſuring himſelf, through her patronage, the perfections of FINETTA might

might be rendered the more diffuſive and agreeably entertaining.

BUT if the DISCREET PRINCESS believed herſelf happy in being made known to that fine Lady, infinitely more ſo muſt ſhe neceſſarily judge herſelf to be in the acquaintance of your Ladiſhip, and a kind reception from ſo bright a perſonage, in whoſe veins concentrates the blood of Princes; of ſo ſtrict and intimate conſanguinity with the moſt conſummate Hero in the World, the Terror of arbitrary ſway, the Conſervator of the liberties of nations, The GREAT, the VICTORIOUS, the INVINCIBLE: from a Lady in whom ſhines forth ſuch ſuperior Merit and Perfection, with ſuch inimitable Splendor, as would be vain and fruitleſs in me to attempt their praiſe or deſcription any more than thoſe of your illuſtrious Parents; the ONE, by a continued Series of Actions truly grand and

noble, like the ſon of *Veſpaſian*, the Delight of mankind: and the OTHER, wherever preſent, by charms of mind and perſon all tranſcendent and divine, the Life, Soul and Spirit, peculiar Ornament and Admiration.

BUT perſons of polite and refined taſtes, of rare and elevated qualities of ſoul, have, in all ages, taken ſingular delight in ſuch productions of the mind, as this which I have now the honour to offer to your peruſal, ſince, though they are intirely fabulous, they wrap up and infold moſt excellent morality, which is the very end, and ultimate ſcope and deſign of Fable: And this, Madam, is what you will find in the following Narration.

IT turns upon two points, and your Ladiſhip will thereby ſee how our foreſathers knew to inſi-

nuate

nuate into young minds, that we fall into an infinity of diſorders, when we amuſe our ſelves in doing nothing; or to ſpeak more plainly, That *Idleneſs is the mother of all vice*; and you will undoubtedly be pleaſed with their manner of perſuaſion, which is, That we ſhould be always on our guard, or in other Terms, That *Diſtruſt is the mother of ſecurity.*

I.

LOve never triumphs over any heart,
Nor wounds it with his keen reſiſtleſs dart,
But when 'tis not employ'd.
Take ſage Advice, ye blooming Beauties, then
Beware the Nets, and luring ſnares of men,
Who love you unenjoy'd.

And

And if you truly are afraid
Your reaſon ſhould be dup'd, betray'd,
And captive to a pleaſant conq'ror made,
Neceſſity requires that you ſhould find
Suiting employment to engage the mind.

II.

But if in ſpite of all your care it prove
To be your lot and deſtiny to love,
Take heed you are not charm'd, till well you know
Him upon whom you would your heart beſtow,
All pleas'd he ſhould its ſoveraign lord become:
For on this point depends your final Doom.

III.

Dread, as ſure enemies to your repoſe,
The bane of purity, and virtue's foes;

Thoſe

Thoſe gaudy things potent in arms of dreſs,
That haunt your toilets, and careſs
With ogling ſimp'ring airs, yet do not know
With pertinent diſcourſe the FAIR *to move,*
But languiſh, and deluſive glances throw,
And ſigh and die, but never are in love.

IV.

Next theſe, (and be it your peculiar Care)
Another claſs of hypocrites beware,
Who ſay ſweet things, with luring tongue they move,
Flouriſh amain, and ditties tune of love.
Sound well the bottom of their ſouls; they cry
To every pretty little Celia *they*
Encounter at Aſſemblies, park or play
The ſame gay tinſel toys of am'rous trumpery.

Diſ-

V.

Diſtruſt, in fine, thoſe lovers warm,
Who briskly tell you, that your beauties charm
The very moment they firſt ſee your Eyes;
They're all on fire, their ſoul with fervour dies;
Volleys of Oaths diſcarge their lively flame;
They talk of nothing, but of bleeding hearts,
And dire effects of Cupid's fatal darts:
But laugh at theſe vain Oaths, the cheats the ſame.
Well, as it truly ought, a heart to gain
Requires ſome time, and not a little pain.
Take therefore heed, leſt ſome ſmall Complaiſance
Does not too ſoon your deſtiny advance,

You

You of your neceſſary pride diſarm,
And to irreparable ruin charm:
For on a juſt Diſtruſt, *and right addreſs*
Security *depends, and future joy and peace.*

YOUR Ladyſhip will pardon this little ſally of rhyme; the digreſſion is not *mal-a-popos*: But not to detain you, Madam, any longer, I implore your attention, and thus begin my tale.

IN the time of the firſt Croiſades, a certain King in *Europe*, where his kingdom was I cannot tell, reſolved to make war againſt the Infidels in the *Holy Land*. Before he undertook ſo long a journey, he put his kingdom into ſuch good order, and committed the care of the regency to ſo able a miniſter, that he was intirely eaſy upon that account.

WHAT moſt diſquieted this Prince, was the care of his family. His Queen had not been long dead, ſhe left him no ſon; but he ſaw himſelf father of three young Princeſſes, all marriageable. My chronicle does not inform me what were their true names. I only know, that as in thoſe happy times, the honeſt ſimplicity of the people gave very freely ſurnames to eminent perſons, according to their good and bad Qualities; the eldeſt of theſe Princeſſes they called *Drone-illa*; the ſecond *Babillarde*, which ſignifies, in modern Phraſe, a perpetual talker; and the third, *Finetta*; names which had all of them a juſt relation to the characters of theſe three Siſters.

NEVER was any thing in the world known ſo indolent and unactive as *Drone-illa*; ſhe waked every day at one o'clock in the after-

afternoon: ſhe was dragged along to church in the ſame condition, as when ſhe got out of her bed; her night-clothes all tumbled, her gown looſe, no girdle, and very often one ſlipper of one ſort, and one of another. They uſed to rectify this miſtake before night; but they could never prevail upon this Princeſs to go any otherwiſe than in ſlippers: it was an inſupportable Fatigue to put on ſhoos. Aſſoon as ſhe had dined, ſhe ſat down to her *Toilette*, where ſhe continued till the evening; the reſt of her time, till midnight, ſhe employed at play, and eating her ſupper: after that, they were almoſt as long in pulling off her clothes, as they had been in putting them on; ſhe could never be perſuaded to go to bed till it was broad Day.

Babillarde led quite another ſort of a Life; this Princeſs was

very brisk and active, and employed very little time about her perſon; but ſhe had ſuch a ſtrange itching to talk, that from the very moment ſhe waked, till the time ſhe went to ſleep, her mouth never was quiet. She knew the hiſtory of every thing, ill managements, tender compacts, the gallantries and intrigues not only of the whole Court, but of the meaneſt Cits. She kept a regiſter of all thoſe wives who pinched their families at home, to appear the finer abroad, and was exactly informed what gained ſuch a Counteſs's woman, and ſuch a Marquis's *Valet de Chambre.* The better to be inſtructed in all theſe little things, ſhe gave audience to her nurſe and mantua-maker with greater pleaſure, than ſhe would to an Ambaſſador; and at laſt, her head could entertain nothing but theſe fine ſtories, with which it was ſo ſtuffed, that ſhe knew every thing, from the King her

her father, down to the footmen: for provided ſhe could but talk, ſhe did not care what was the ſubject. This terrible itch of talking, produced yet another bad effect upon this Princeſs: for notwithſtanding her great rank, her too familiar airs gave encouragement to the pert ſparks of the Court to talk of love to her. She heard their ſpeeches without any ceremony, purely to have the pleaſure of anſwering them; for from morning till night, whatever it might coſt her, ſhe muſt either hear others tattle, or tattle her ſelf. *Babillarde*, no more than her eldeſt Siſter, ever employed herſelf in thinking, reflecting or reading. She never troubled herſelf about domeſtick affairs, or the amuſements of her ſpindle or needle: for young ladies in thoſe days were not above ſewing and ſpinning. In ſhort, theſe two ſiſters lived in a perfect idle-

neſs, in relation both to mind and body.

THE youngeſt three of theſe Princeſſes was of a quite different character; ſhe was continually employed as well about her mind as perſon: ſhe was of a ſurpriſing vivacity, and ſhe applied it to good uſes. She danced, ſung and played upon muſick to perfection, finiſhed with wonderful addreſs and skill all thoſe little works of the hand, which generally amuſe Perſons of her ſex. She put the King's houſhold into exact regulation and order, and by her care and vigilance, hindered the pilferings of the lower officers: for in thoſe days princes were cheated by thoſe of their houſhold.

THESE talents were not bounded here; ſhe had a great deal of judgment, and ſuch a wonderful preſence of mind, that ſhe immediately

diately found the means of extricating herſelf out of the greateſt difficulties. This young Princeſs had, by her penetration, diſcovered a dangerous ſnare a perfidious Ambaſſador had laid for the King her father, in a Treaty which that prince was going to ſign. To puniſh the treachery of this Ambaſſador and his Maſter, the King altered the article of the Treaty, and by wording it in the terms his daughter dictated to him, he in his turn deceived the deceiver himſelf. The young Princeſs moreover diſcovered a vile piece of roguery that a certain Miniſter had a mind to play the King; and by the advice ſhe gave her father, he ſo managed it, that the infidelity of that wretch fell upon his own head. The Princeſs gave, on ſeveral other occaſions, ſuch marks of her penetration and fine genius that the people on that account gave her the ſurname of *Finetta.*

The King loved her far above his other daughters, and depended ſo much upon her good ſenſe, that if he had had no other child but her, he would have begun his journey with no manner of uneaſineſs: but he diſtruſted ſo much the conduct of his other daughters, that he relied entirely upon that of *Finetta*. And ſo, to be aſſured of the ſteps his family might take in his abſence, as he was of thoſe of his ſubjects, he took ſuch meaſures as I am now going to relate.

I make no doubt, Madam, but you have heard a hundred times of the wonderful power of Fairies. The King I ſpeak of, being a great friend of one of theſe able women, went to her, and acquainted her with the uneaſineſs he was in about his daughters. It is not, ſaid he, that the two eldeſt, whom I am ſo uneaſy about, have ever done the leaſt thing contrary to their duty:

duty: but they have ſo little wit and judgment, are ſo imprudent, and live ſo unemployed, that I fear in my abſence, to amuſe themſelves, they will engage in ſome fooliſh intrigue or other. As for *Finetta*, I am ſecure of her virtue: however, I ſhall treat her as her ſiſters, to make no diſtinction; for which reaſon, ſage Fairy, I deſire you to make three diſtaffs of glaſs for my daughters, to be made with that artfulneſs, that each of them may not fail to break, as ſoon as ſhe, to whom it belongs, does any thing againſt her honour.

As this Fairy was very able and expert, ſhe gave that Prince three inchanted diſtaffs, which were ſo wrought, as to anſwer his deſign: but he was not content with this precaution; he put the Princeſſes into a very high tower, that was built in a very ſolitary and deſert place. The King told his daugh-

ters, that he commanded them to take up their reſidence in that tower during his abſence, and forbad them letting any perſon whatſoever into it. He took from them all their officers and ſervants of both ſexes; and after having preſented them with the inchanted diſtaffs, the qualities of which he told them, he kiſſed the Princeſſes, locked the doors of the tower, of which he took himſelf the keys, and departed.

YOU will perhaps believe, Madam, that theſe Princeſſes were now in danger of dying with hunger: quite the contrary. There was care taken to fix a pully to one of the windows of the tower: there ran a rope through it, to which the Princeſſes tied a basket, which they let down every day. In this basket was put every day proviſions, which when they had drawn up, they retired

tired with the rope into their apartments.

Drone-illa and *Babillarde* led ſuch a life in this ſolitude, as filled them with deſpair, they fretted themſelves to ſuch a degree, as was beyond expreſſion: but they were forced to have patience; for their diſtaffs were repreſented to them ſo terrible, that they were afraid the leaſt ſtep, though never ſo little awry or equivocal, might break them.

As for *Finetta*, ſhe was not in the leaſt out of humour: her ſpindle, needle, and muſick, furniſhed her with ſufficient amuſement; and beſides this, by order of the miniſter that then governed the ſtate, there was care taken to put into their basket letters, which informed the Princeſſes of every thing that was done or tranſacted within and without the kingdom. The King

King granted it ſhould be ſo; and the miniſter, to make his Court to the Princeſſes, did not fail of being very exact as to this article. *Finetta* read all this news with a great deal of attention, and diverted herſelf with it: but as for her two ſiſters, they took no manner of notice of it; they ſaid, they were too much out of humour to amuſe themſelves with ſuch trifles, they ought to have cards at leaſt to divert their melancholy, during their father's abſence.

THUS they paſt their time in great diſquiet, murmurring continually againſt their hard fortune; and I ſuppoſe they did not fail ſaying, That *it is much better to be born happy, than to be born the ſon of a King*: they were frequently at the windows of the tower, to ſee at leaſt what paſſed in the country. One day as *Finetta* was employed in her chamber about ſome pretty work

work, her ſiſters, who were at the window, ſaw at the foot of the tower, a poor woman cloathed in rags and tatters, who cried out to them in a ſorrowful tone, and in a very moving manner complained to them of her miſery. She begged them, with her hands joined together, that they would let her come into the caſtle, telling them, that ſhe was a moſt unfortunate and wretched ſtranger, that knew how to do a thouſand things, and would ſerve them with the utmoſt fidelity. Upon this, the Princeſſes bethought themſelves of their father's orders, not to let any one come into the tower; but *Drone-illa* was ſo weary of ſerving herſelf, and *Babillarde* was ſo uneaſy at having no body to talk to but her ſiſters, that the earneſt deſire that one had to be dreſſed piecemeal and by degrees, and the eagerneſs of the other to have ſomebody elſe to chat with, made them reſolve to let this ſtranger in.

Do you think, ſaid *Babillarde* to her ſiſter, that the King's order extends to this poor wretch? I believe we may take her in without any conſequence. You may do, ſiſter, ſaid *Drone-illa*, what you pleaſe. *Babillarde*, who only waited her conſent, immediately let down the basket, the poor woman got into it, and the Princeſſes drew her up by help of the pully. When they viewed this woman more attentively, the horrible naſtineſs of her clothes turned their ſtomach: they would have given her others; but ſhe told them ſhe would change them the next day; but at preſent, ſhe would think upon nothing but her work. She was ſpeaking theſe words, when *Finetta* came into the chamber: this Princeſs was ſtrangely ſurprized to ſee this unknown creature with her ſiſters, who told her the reaſons which had induced them to draw

draw her up: but *Finetta*, who ſaw that all was over, diſſembled her uneaſineſs at this juncture.

In the mean time this new ſervant of theſe Princeſſes took a hundred turns about the caſtle, under pretence of doing her work, but in reality to obſerve how every thing was diſpoſed in it: however, and I doubt not, Madam, but you will think ſo too; this pretended beggar-woman was as dangerous in this caſtle, as Count *Ory* was in the nunnery, where he enter'd, being diſguiſed like a fugitive Abbeſs.

To keep your Ladyſhip no longer in ſuſpence, I ſhall tell you, Madam, that this creature in ragged clothes was the ſon of a powerful king, who was one of the moſt artful and deſigning perſons of his time, govern'd intirely the king his father, and indeed that required not much addreſs:

dreſs: for that Prince was of ſo ſweet and eaſy a character, that he had the ſurname given him of *Moult-benign*, and the Prince, who always acted with artifice and cunning, the people ſurnamed *Riche-en-cautelle*, but in ſhortneſs *Riche-cautelle*.

He had a younger brother, who was as full of good qualities as he was of bad: however, notwithſtanding their different tempers, there was ſo ſtrict an union between theſe two princes, that every body was ſurprized at it. Beſides the good qualities which the youngeſt prince was maſter of, the beauty of his face and the gracefulneſs of his perſon was ſo remarkable, that every body called him *Bel-a-voir*. It was *Riche-cautelle*, who had put the ambaſſador of the king his father, upon that wicked turn in the Treaty, which was fruſtrated by the addreſs of *Finetta*

Finetta, and ſell upon themſelves. *Riche-cautelle*, who never had before that time any love for the King the Princeſſes father, ſince then entertained for him the utmoſt averſion; ſo that when he was informed of the precautions which that Prince had taken in relation to his daughters, he took in himſelf a pernicious pleaſure, in hoping to deceive the prudence of ſo ſuſpicious a father: and accordingly *Riche-cautelle* obtained leave of the King his father, to travel upon ſome invented pretence, and took ſuch meaſures as gained him entrance into the tower where theſe Princeſſes were confined, as you have heard.

In examining the caſtle, this Prince obſerved that it was very eaſy for the princeſſes to call out to paſſengers, and he concluded, that it was beſt for him to continue in his diſguiſe all day; becauſe they could, if they had a mind to it, call

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out to people, and chaſtiſe him for his raſh emterpriſe. He remained then all day long in his rags, and counterfeited a profeſſed beggar-woman; but at night, after the Princeſſes had ſupped, *Riche-cautelle* threw off his rags, and ſhewed himſelf dreſs'd like a Cavalier in rich apparel, all covered with gold and diamonds. The poor Princeſſes were ſo much frightened at this ſight, that they began to fly away with the utmoſt precipitation. *Finetta* and *Babillarde*, who were very nimble, ſoon got to their chambers; but *Drone-illa*, who could ſcarce walk, was ſtopt by the Prince.

He immediately threw himſelf at her feet, declaring who he was, and told her, that the reputation of her beauty and her picture, had obliged him to leave a delightful court, to come and offer her his faith and vows. *Drone-illa* was ſo much at a loſs, that ſhe could not anſwer

anſwer the Prince, who was ſtill upon his knees, one word: but as by entertaining her with a thouſand ſoft endearing expreſſions, and making as many proteſtations, he conjured her to receive him that very moment for her husband: her natural ſoftneſs not ſuffering her to contend, ſhe told *Riche-cautelle* in a very indolent and *droniſh* tone, that ſhe believed him ſincere, and accepted of his fidelity; they obſerved no greater formalities than thoſe which are the concluſion of marriage: But immediately ſhe loſt her diſtaff; for it broke into a thouſand pieces.

Babillarde and *Finetta* in the mean while, were in ſtrange inquietudes, they had gotten ſeparately into their apartments, and locked themſelves in. Theſe apartments were at a great diſtance one from another; and as each of theſe Princeſſes were ignorant of each other's

other's fate, they did not ſleep one wink all night long. The next morning the pernicious Prince led *Drone-illa* into a ground apartment, which was at the end of the garden: where this Princeſs ſignified the uneaſineſs ſhe was in for her ſiſters, though ſhe dared not ſee them, for fear they ſhould blame her for her marriage. The Prince told her, he would undertake they ſhould approve of it; and after ſome diſcourſe, went out, and locked *Drone-illa* in before ſhe could perceive it, and then looked about carefully to find out the Princeſſes. It was ſome time before he could diſcover in what chambers they had ſecured themſelves: but at laſt, the ſtrong inclination which *Babillarde* had to ſpeak, cauſing this Princeſs to talk and bewail her cruel deſtiny to herſelf: the Prince heard her; and coming up to the door, ſaw her through the key-hole.

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Riche-cautelle ſpoke to her through the door, and told her what he had told her ſiſter, which was, that it was only to offer her his faith and heart, which had cauſed him to undertake the enterpriſe of entring the tower: he praiſed, not without exceſſive exaggeration, her wit and beauty; and *Babillarde*, who was fully perſuaded in her ſelf, that ſhe had the utmoſt merit, was fooliſh enough to believe every ſyllable that the Prince told her. She anſwered him with a torrent of words, which were not too diſobliging. It is certain this Princeſs muſt have had a ſtrange fury of ſpeech, to acquit herſelf as ſhe did; for ſhe was in a terrible weakneſs, having not eaten any thing all day, by reaſon ſhe had nothing proper in her chamber. As ſhe was extremely lazy, and had no manner of thought of any thing but talking, ſhe had not

not the leaſt foreſight: when ſhe had occaſion for any thing, ſhe had recourſe to *Finetta*; and this aimable Princeſs, who was as laborious and provident as her ſiſters were the contrary, had always in her chamber, biskets, macaroons, and dried and wet ſweetmeats of all ſorts, and of her own making. *Babillarde*, who had not the like advantage, finding her ſelf at that time very much preſſed with hunger and the proteſtations which the Prince made on the other ſide of the door, opened it at laſt to that ſeducer, when he proved himſelf a perfect Comedian; for he had well ſtudied his part.

AFTER this, they went both of them out of this apartment, and came into the office of the caſtle, where they found all ſorts of refreſhments; for the basket furniſhed the Princeſs every day with more than enough. *Babillarde* could not

help being ſtill in pain for her ſiſters, and what might become of them; but it came into her head, I know not upon what foundation, that they were both of them without doubt, locked up in *Finetta*'s chamber, where they wanted for nothing. *Riche-cautelle* uſed all the arguments he could to confirm her in this opinion, and told her, that they would go and find out the Princeſſes towards the evening. She was not of his mind, but ſaid, they ſhould go and ſee after them as ſoon as they had done eating.

In ſhort, the Prince and Princeſs fell both of them to very heartily; and when they had done, *Riche-cautelle* deſired to ſee the beſt apartment of the caſtle: he gave his hand to the Princeſs, who led him thither, and when he was there, he began to exaggerate the tender Paſſion he had for her,

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and the advantages ſhe would have in marrying him. He told her, as he had done her ſiſter *Droneilla*, that ſhe ought to accept of his faith that very moment; becauſe if ſhe ſhould ſee her ſiſters before ſhe had taken him for her husband, they would not fail to oppoſe it; and being, without contradiction, one of the moſt powerful of the neighbouring Princes, he would moſt probably ſeem to them a perſon fitter for her eldeſt ſiſter than her, who would never conſent to a match ſhe her ſelf might deſire with all imaginable ardour. *Babillarde*, after a great deal of diſcourſe, which ſignified nothing, was as extravagant as her ſiſter had been; ſhe accepted the Prince for her husband, and never thought of the effects of her glaſs diſtaff, till after it was broken in pieces.

TOWARDS evening, *Babillarde* returned to her chamber with the Prince,

Prince; and the firſt thing ſhe caſt her eyes upon, was the glaſs diſtaff all broken to bits; ſhe was very much troubled at this ſight: the Prince asked her the reaſon of her uneaſineſs: as her paſſion for talking made her uncapable of holding her tongue, ſhe very fooliſhly told *Riche-cautelle* the myſtery of the diſtaff, at which this Prince was wickedly overjoyed, ſience the father of theſe Princeſſes would by this means be intirely convinced of the bad conduct of his daughters.

Babillarde in the mean time was no longer in the humour of going to look for her ſiſters, ſhe had reaſon to fear they would not approve of her conduct: but the Prince offered himſelf to do this Office, and told her, he ſhould not want the means to perſwade them to approve of it. After this aſſurance, the Princeſs, who had not ſlept all night, began to

ſlumber; and while ſhe ſlept, *Riche-cautelle* turned the key upon her, as he had done before to *Drone-illa.*

Is it not true, Madam, that this *Riche-cautelle* was a conſummate villain, and theſe two Princeſſes looſe and imprudent perſons? I am very angry with ſuch kind of people, and doubt not but you are ſo too in a high degree: but do not be uneaſy, they ſhall all be treated as they deſerve, and no one triumph, but the ſage and courageous *Finetta.*

WHEN this perfidious Prince had locked up *Babillarde*, he went into all the rooms of the caſtle, one after another; and as he found them all open but one, which was faſtened in the inſide, he concluded for certain, that there it was where *Finetta* had retired. As he had compoſed a ſtring of compliments, he went to retail out at *Finetta's*

netta's door, the ſame things he had made uſe of to her ſiſters: but this Princeſs, who was not a *Dupe* as her ſiſters, heard him a long while, without giving him any anſwer. At laſt, finding that he knew ſhe was in that room, ſhe told him, if it was true that he had ſo ſtrong and ſincere a paſſion for her, as he would perſwade her, ſhe deſired he would go down into the garden, and ſhut the door upon him, and after that ſhe would talk to him as much as he pleaſed out of the window of that apartment which bore upon the garden.

Riche-cautelle would not accept of this; and as the Princeſs always reſolutely perſiſted in not opening the door, this wicked Prince, mad with impatience, went and got a billet, and broke it open. He found *Finetta* armed with a great hammer, which had been accidentally left in a wardrobe near her

chamber. Emotion raiſed *Finetta*'s complexion; and tho' her eyes ſparkled with rage, ſhe appeared to *Riche-cautelle* of an inchanting beauty. He would have caſt himſelf at her feet: but ſhe ſaid to him boldly, as ſhe retired, Prince, if you approach me, this hammer ſends you into the other world. What! beautiful Princeſs, cried out *Riche-cautelle* in his hypocritical tone, does the love I have for you inſpire you with ſuch cruel hate? He began to preach to her, but at one end of the room, (the Princeſs being at the other) of the violent ardour which the reputation of her beauty and wonderful wit had inſpired him with. He added, that the only motive he had to put on ſuch diſguiſe, was only with reſpect to offer her his hand and heart: and told her, that ſhe ought to pardon, on account of the violence of his paſſion, his boldneſs in breaking open her door.

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He ended, by endeavouring to perſuade her, as he had her ſiſters, that it was her intereſt to receive him for her husband as ſoon as poſſible. He told her, moreover, he did not know where her ſiſters were retired; becauſe he was not in any pain about them, having his thoughts wholly fixed upon her. The *adroite* Princeſs feigning herſelf intirely pacified, told him, that ſhe muſt find out her ſiſters, and after that, they would take their meaſures all together: but *Richecautelle* anſwered, that he could by no means reſolve upon that, till ſhe had conſented to marry him; becauſe her ſiſters would not fail to oppoſe the match, on account of their right of elderſhip.

Finetta, who with good reaſon diſtruſted this Prince, found her ſuſpicions redouble by this anſwer: ſhe trembled to think what might have happened to her ſiſters, and

reſolved to revenge them with the ſame ſtroke which might make her avoid a misfortune, like what ſhe judged had befallen them. This young Princeſs then told *Riche-cautelle*, that ſhe readily conſented to marry him; but ſhe was fully perſuaded, that marriages which were made at night, were always unhappy; and therefore deſired he would defer the ceremony of plighting to each other their mutual faith, till the next morning. She added, he might be aſſured ſhe would not mention a ſyllable of all this to the Princeſſes her ſiſters, and begged him to give her only a little time to ſay her prayers; that afterwards ſhe would bring him into an apartment, where he ſhould have a very good bed, and then ſhe would return to her own room till the morrow morning.

Riche-cautelle, who was not ove and above courageous, ſeeing *Fi*

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netta always with the hammer in her hand, which ſhe played with like a fan, *Riche-cautelle*, I ſay, conſented to what the Princeſs deſired, and went away, to give her ſome time to meditate. He was no ſooner gone, but *Finetta* haſted to make a bed over the hole of a ſink in one of the rooms of the caſtle. This room was as handſome as any of the reſt; but they caſt into the hole of that ſink, which was very large, all the ordures of the caſtle. *Finetta* put over the hole two weak ſticks acroſs, then very handſomely made the bed upon them, and immediately returned to her chamber. A moment after came *Riche-cautelle*, and the Princeſs brought him into the room where ſhe had made his bed, and retired. The Prince, without undreſſing, threw himſelf haſtily upon the bed, and his weight having all at once broken the little ſticks, he fell down to the bottom of the ſink, without

being able to ſtop himſelf, breaking his head all round, and raiſing upon it a hundred bunches. The fall of the Prince made a great noiſe in the Pipe as it fell; and beſides, being not far from *Finetta*'s chamber, ſhe ſoon knew her artifice had had the promiſed ſucceſs, and ſhe felt a ſecret joy, which was extremely agreeable to her; it was impoſſible to deſcribe the pleaſure, when ſhe heard him muttering in the ſink. He very well deſerved that puniſhment, and the Princeſs had reaſon to be pleaſed with it.

BUT her joy was not ſo great, as to make her forget her ſiſters; her chief care was to ſee after them. It was no hard matter to find out *Babillarde*. *Riche-cautelle*, after having double-locked that Princeſs into her chamber, had left the key in the door: *Finetta* went haſtily in; and the noiſe ſhe made awaked her ſiſter in a ſtart, who was

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in a very great confuſion, when ſhe ſaw her. *Finetta* related to her after what manner ſhe had gotten rid of the wicked Prince who would have offered her violence. *Babillarde* was thunderſtruck at this news; for in ſpite of her talkativeneſs ſhe had ſo little ſenſe, that ſhe ridiculouſly believed every word *Riche-cautelle* had told her: there are ſuch *Dupes* as ſhe in the world. That Princeſs diſſembling the exceſs of her ſorrow, went out of her chamber with *Finetta*, to look after *Drone-illa*. They went into all the rooms of the caſtle, but could not find her. At laſt, *Finetta* bethought herſelf, that ſhe might be in the apartment of the garden, where indeed they found her half dead with deſpair and weakneſs; for ſhe had eaten nothing all the day. The Princeſſes gave her all neceſſary aſſiſtance, after which they told each other their adventures, which af-

feĉted *Drone-illa* and *Babillarde* with mortal ſorrow: after this, they went all three to bed.

In the mean time *Riche-cautelle* paſſed the night very uneaſily; and when it was day, he was not one jot the better. This Prince was in ſuch a place, the utmoſt horror of which was, he could not ſee; becauſe not the leaſt glimpſe of light could enter. However, at laſt, with a great deal of painful ſtruggling, he came to the end of the drain, which ran into a river at a great diſtance from the caſtle. He found means to make the people who were fiſhing in the river hear him, by whom he was drawn out in ſuch a pickle, as raiſed compaſſion in thoſe good people.

He ordered himſelf to be carried to his father's court, to get cured; and this diſgrace made him take ſuch a ſtrong hatred and aver-

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ſion to *Finetta*, that he thought leſs of his cure than revenge.

THAT Princeſs paſſed her time but very ſadly; honour was a thouſand times more dear to her than life, and the ſhameful weakneſs of her ſiſters had thrown her into ſo great a deſpair, that ſhe had much difficulty to get the better of it. At the ſame time, the ill ſtate of health of thoſe two Princeſſes, which was the conſequences of their unworthy marriages, put moreover *Finetta*'s conſtancy to the proof. *Richecautelle*, who had a long while been an able cheat, ſummoned, ſince this adventure, all his wits, to make himſelf in the higheſt degree a tricking villain; neither the ſink, nor the bruiſes, gave him ſo much vexation, as the ſpite he was in of having been outwitted. He ſurmiſed the effects of his two marriages; and to tempt the ailing Princeſſes, he cauſed to be carried under

under the windows of the caſtle, great tubs full of trees, all laden with fine fruit. *Drone-illa* and *Babillarde*, who were often at the windows, could not but ſee the fruit: immediately they had a violent deſire to eat of it, and they peſtered *Finetta* to go down in the basket to gather ſome. The complaiſance of that Princeſs was ſo great, and being willing to oblige her ſiſters, ſhe did as they deſired her, and brought up the fruit, which they devoured with the utmoſt greedineſs.

THE next day there appeared fruits of another kind. This was a freſh temptation for the Princeſſes, and a freſh inſtance of *Finetta*'s complaiſance, and obliging temper. But immediately *Riche-cautelle*'s officers, who were in ambuſh, and had failed of their deſign the firſt time, were not wanting to complete it the ſecond: They ſeized upon *Finetta*, and carried her off

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in the ſight of her ſiſters, who tore their hair for anguiſh and deſpair.

Riche-cautelle's guards executed ſo well their maſter's orders, that they brought *Finetta* to a country houſe, where the Prince had retired for the recovery of his health. As he was tranſported with fury againſt this Princeſs, he ſaid to her a hundred brutiſh things, which ſhe anſwered always with a firmneſs and grandeur of ſoul, worthy a Heroine as ſhe was. At laſt, after having kept her for ſome time priſoner, he had her brought to the top of a mountain extremely high, whither he followed immediately after. Here it was that he told her, they were going to put her to death, and after ſuch a manner as would ſufficiently revenge all the injuries ſhe had done him: Then that Prince very barbarouſly ſhewed *Finetta* a barrel ſtuck in the inſide all round with pen-

knives

knives, razors, and hooked nails, and told her, that in order to give her the puniſhment ſhe deſerved, they were going to put her into that veſſel, and roll her down from the top of the mountain into the valley. Though *Finetta* was no *Roman*, ſhe was no more afraid of the puniſhment than *Regulus* heretofore was at the ſight of the like deſtiny: this young Princeſs kept up all her firmneſs, and preſence of mind; *Riche-cautelle*, inſtead of admiring her heroick character, grew more enraged againſt her than ever, and reſolved to haſten her death; and to that end bent himſelf down to look into the barrel, which was to be the inſtrument of his vengeance, to examine, if it was well provided with all its murdering weapons.

Finetta, who ſaw her perſecutor very attentive in looking into the barrel, loſt no time, but very dexterouſly

terouſly puſhed him into it, and rolled it down the mountain, without giving the Prince any time to know where he was. After this, ſhe ran away, and the Prince's officers, who had ſeen, with extreme grief, after what cruel manner this aimable Princeſs had treated their maſter, had not the preſence of mind to ſtop her; beſides, they were ſo much frightened at what happened to *Riche-cautelle*, that they thought of nothing elſe but ſtopping the barrel: but their endeavours were all in vain, he roll'd down to the bottom of the mountain, where they took him out all over wounded in a thouſand places.

THIS accident of *Riche-cautelle* threw King *Moult-benin* and Prince *Bel-a-voir* into the utmoſt deſpair; but as for the people, they were not at all concern'd, *Riche-cautelle* was very much hated, and they were even aſtoniſhed to think, that the

the young Prince, who had ſuch noble and generous ſentiments, could love this unworthy elder brother. But ſuch was the good nature of this Prince, that he was very much attached to all that were of the family, and *Riche-cautelle* always had the addreſs to ſhew him ſuch tender marks of affection, that this generous prince could never pardon himſelf in not anſwering them with intereſt. *Bel-a-voir* was then touched with exceſſive grief at the wounds of his brother; and he tried all means to have him perfectly cured; but notwithſtanding all the care that every body took of him, nothing could do *Riche-cautelle* any good. On the contrary, his wounds ſeemed every day to grow worſe, and prognoſticate he would linger on in a great deal of miſery and pain.

Finetta, after having diſengaged herſelf from this terrible danger, had

had now got very happily to the caſtle, where ſhe had left her ſiſters, and where it was not long before ſhe had new troubles to encounter with. The two Princeſſes were brought to bed each of them of a ſon; at which *Finetta* was very much perplexed. However, the courage of this Princeſs did not abate: The deſire ſhe had to conceal the ſhame of her ſiſters, made her reſolve to expoſe herſelf once more, though ſhe very well knew the danger. To bring about her deſign, ſhe took all the meaſures prudence could ſuggeſt. She diſguiſed herſelf in man's clothes, put the children of her ſiſters into boxes, in which ſhe had bored little holes over againſt the mouths of theſe little infants, that they might breathe: ſhe got on horſeback, and took along with her theſe boxes, and ſome others; and in this equipage, arrived at the capital city of

King

King *Moult-benin*, where *Richecautelle* was.

ASSOON as *Finetta* came into the city, ſhe was told after what noble manner *Bel-a-voir* paid for the medicines that were given his brother, which had brought to court all the Mountebanks of *Europe*: for at that time there were a great many adventurers without buſineſs or capacity, who gave themſelves out for wonderful proficients, having received the gift from God to cure all manner of diſtempers. Theſe people, whoſe whole ſcience conſiſts in nothing but to cheat impudently, found always a great deal of credit among the people; they knew how to impoſe upon them by their extraordinary exteriour, and by the odd names they went by. Theſe kinds of doctors never ſtay in the place of their nativity; and the prerogative of coming from a long way

way off very often, with the vulgar, ſupplies the place of merit.

THE ingenious Princeſs, who knew all this, took a name that was intirely ſtrange to that kingdom; which was *Sanatio.* Then ſhe gave it out, that the *Chevalier Sanatio* was come to town with wonderful ſecrets, to cure all ſorts of wounds the moſt dangerous and inveterate. *Bel-a voir* ſent immediately for this pretended knight. *Finetta* came, made the beſt empirick in the world, threw out five or ſix terms of art, with a *Cavalier* air; nothing was wanting. This Princeſs was ſurpriſed at the good mien, and agreeable carriage of *Bel-a-voir*; and after having diſcourſed ſome time with this Prince, about the wounds of *Riche-cautelle*, ſhe told him ſhe would go and fetch a bottle of incomparable water, and in the mean while leave two boxes ſhe had brought thither, which contained ſome

ſome excellent ointments, very proper for the wounded Prince.

UPON ſaying this, the pretended phyſician went out, and came no more. They were very impatient at his ſtaying ſo long. At laſt, as they were going to ſend to him to haſten his coming, they heard the cryings of young children in Prince *Riche-cautelle*'s chamber. This ſurpriſed every body; for there was no manner of appearance of any children: ſome liſtened attentively, and they found that theſe cries came from the doctor's boxes.

IT was in reality *Finetta*'s little nephews. This Princeſs had given them a great deal to eat before ſhe came to the palace; but as they had been there now a long time, they wanted ſome more, and explained their neceſſities, by ſinging this doleful tune. They opened the

the boxes, and were very much ſurprized to find in them actually two little babes very pretty. *Richecautelle* made no doubt immediately, but that this was a new trick of *Finetta*'s. He entertained ſuch a fury againſt her, as was not to be expreſſed; and his pains increaſed to ſuch a degree, that they concluded he muſt of neceſſity die very ſoon.

Bel-a-voir was penetrated with the moſt lively ſorrow, but *Richecautelle*, perfidious to his laſt moment, reſolved to abuſe the tenderneſs of his brother. You have always loved me, Prince, ſaid he, and you lament your loſs of me; I can have no greater proofs of your love, in relation to my life: I am dying, but if ever I have been dear to you, grant this one thing, I beg of you, which I am going to ask of you.

Bel-a-voir, who, in the condition he ſaw his brother in, found himſelf capable of refuſing him nothing, promiſed him with the moſt terrible oaths, to grant him whatever he ſhould deſire. As ſoon as *Riche-cautelle* heard theſe oaths, he ſaid to his brother, embracing him, I die contented, brother, ſince I am revenged; for that which I beg of you to do for me, is to ask *Finetta* in marriage, as ſoon as I am dead; you will undoubtedly obtain this wicked Princeſs; and the moment ſhe ſhall be in your power, plunge your poniard into her heart. *Bel-a-voir* trembled with horror at theſe words; he repented the imprudence of his oaths; but it was not now the time to unſay them; and he had no mind his brother ſhould take notice of his repentance, who expired ſoon after. King *Moult-benin* was very ſenſibly troubled at his death; but the

the people, far from regreting *Richecautelle*, were extremely glad, that his death ſecured the ſucceſſion of the crown to *Bel-a-voir*, whoſe merit was dear to all the world.

Finetta, who had once more happily returned to her ſiſters, heard ſoon after of the death of *Richecautelle*; and ſome time after that, news came to the three Princeſſes, that the King their father was come home. This Prince came in a hurry to the tower; and his firſt care was, to ask to ſee the glaſs diſtaffs. *Drone-illa* went and brought that which belonged to *Finetta*, and ſhewed it to the King, then making a very low curteſy, carried it back again to the place whence ſhe had taken it. *Babillarde* did ſo too; and *Finetta* in her turn brought her diſtaff: but the King, who was very ſuſpicious, had a mind to ſee them all three together; no one could ſhew hers but

but *Finetta*: and the King fell into ſuch a rage againſt his two eldeſt daughters, that he ſent them that moment away to the Fairy who had given him the diſtaffs, deſiring her to keep them with her as long as they lived, and puniſh them according to their deſerts.

As a beginning of their puniſhment, the Fairy led theſe two Princeſſes into a gallery of her enchanted caſtle, where ſhe had cauſed to be painted the hiſtory of an infinite number of illuſtrious women, who made themſelves famous by their virtue and laborious life. By the wonderful effect of Fairy art, all theſe figures moved, and were in action from morning till night: there was ſeen every where trophies and deviſes to the honour of theſe virtuous ladies; and it was no light mortification for the two ſiſters, to compare the triumph of theſe heroines with the deſpicable ſitu-

ſituation, which their unhappy imprudence had reduced them to. As an addition to their *Chagrin*, the Fairy told them, with a great deal of gravity, that if they had been as well employed as thoſe whom they ſaw in the picture, they had not fallen into the unworthy errors which ruined them; but that *Idleneſs was the mother of all vice*, and the ſource of all their misfortunes. The Fairy added, that in order to hinder them from falling into the like misfortunes, ſhe would give them thorough employment; and indeed ſhe obliged the Princeſſes to employ themſelves in the coarſeſt and meaneſt of work, and without having any regard to their complexion, ſhe ſent them to gather peaſe in the garden, and pull up the weeds. *Drone-illa* could not help falling into deſpair, at leading a life that was ſo little conformable to her inclinations, and died with fatigue and vexation. *Babillarde*,

who ſome time after found means to make her eſcape by night out of the Fairy's caſtle, broke her ſcull againſt a tree, and died in the arms of ſome country people.

Finetta's good nature made her very ſenſibly grieve for the ſad deſtiny of her ſiſters, and in the midſt of theſe troubles, ſhe was informed that Prince *Bel-a-voir* had asked her of the King her father in marriage, who had conſented to it, without giving her any notice of it: for in thoſe days the inclination of parties was the leaſt thing they conſidered in marriage. *Finetta* trembled at this news; ſhe had reaſon to fear leſt the hatred which *Riche-cautelle* had for her, might infect the heart of a brother who was ſo dear to him: and ſhe had apprehenſions that this young Prince only married her, to make her a ſacrifice to his brother. Full of theſe diſquiets the Princeſs went

to

to conſult the ſage Fairy, who eſteemed her as much as ſhe deſpiſed *Drone-illa* and *Babillarde.*

THE Fairy would reveal nothing to the Princeſs, ſhe only ſaid to her, Princeſs, you are ſage and prudent, you would not hitherto have taken ſuch juſt meaſures for your conduct, had you not always born in mind, that *Diſtruſt is the mother of ſecurity.* Continue to think earneſtly on the importance of this maxim, and you will come to be happy, without the aſſiſtance of my art. *Finetta* having not been able to get any further light out of the Fairy, returned to the Palace in extreme agitation.

SOME days after, this Princeſs was married by an ambaſſador in the name of Prince *Bel-a-voir*, and ſhe ſet out to go to her ſpouſe in a magnificent equipage: ſhe made in the ſame manner her entries into the two principal frontier towns of

King *Moult-benin*, and in the third ſhe found *Bel-a-voir*, who was come to meet her, by order of his father. Every body was ſurpriſed to ſee the ſadneſs of this Prince at the approach of a marriage, for which he had ſhewn ſo great a deſire: the king himſelf was forced to interpoſe, and ſent him, contrary to his inclination, to meet the Princeſs.

WHEN *Bel-a-voir* ſaw her, he was ſtruck with her charms, he made her his compliments, but in ſo confuſed a manner, that the two courts, who knew how much wit and gallantry this Prince was maſter of, believed he was ſo ſenſibly touched, that through the force of love he had loſt his preſence of mind. The whole town ſhouted for joy, and there were every where concerts of muſic and bonfires: In ſhort, after a magnificent ſupper, they

they were for conducting them to their apartments.

Finetta, who was always thinking of the maxim which the Fairy had revived in her mind, had her deſign in her head. This Princeſs had gained one of the women, who had the key of the cloſet that belonged to the apartment which was deſigned for her: and ſhe had privately given orders to that woman to carry into the cloſet ſome ſtraw, a bladder, ſheep's blood, and the guts of ſome of thoſe animals that had been dreſs'd for ſupper. The Princeſs, on ſome pretence, went into this cloſet, and made an Image of the ſtraw, into which ſhe put the guts, and the bladder full of blood: after that, ſhe dreſs'd it up in womens night-clothes. When *Finetta* had finiſhed this little puppet, ſhe returned to her company: and ſome time after, they conducted the Princeſs and her

Spouſe to their apartment. When they had allowed as much time at the *Toilette* as was neceſſary, the ladies of honour took away the Flambeaux and retired. *Finetta* immediately threw the Image of ſtraw upon the bed, and went and hid herſelf in one of the corners of the chamber.

THE Prince, after having ſighed three or four times very loud, drew his ſword, and ran it through the body of the pretended *Finetta*: at the ſame inſtant he felt the blood trickle all about, and the woman of ſtraw without motion. What have I done, cried *Bel-a-voir*, what! after ſo many cruel conflicts! after having ſo much weighed with my ſelf, if I ſhould keep my oaths at the expence of a crime! have I taken away the life of a charming Princeſs I was born to love! her charms raviſhed me the moment I ſaw her, and yet I had not the

power

power to free my ſelf from an oath which a brother, poſſeſſed with a fury, had exacted from me by an unworthy ſurpriſe! Ah! heavens! could any one ſo much as dream to puniſh a woman for having too much virtue! Well! *Riche-cautelle*, I have ſatisfyed thy unjuſt vengeance, but now, I will revenge *Finetta* in her turn by my death. Yes, beautiful Princeſs, my ſword ſhall——. By theſe words the Princeſs, who underſtood that the Prince, who in his tranſport had dropt his ſword, was feeling for it, in order to thruſt it through his body, was reſolved he ſhould not be guilty of ſuch a folly, aud therefore cried out, My Prince, I am not dead, the goodneſs of your heart made me devine your repentance, and by an innocent cheat I have hinder'd you from committing the worſt of Crimes.

UPON which *Finetta* related to *Bel-a-voir* the foreſight ſhe had in relation to the Figure of ſtraw. The Prince all tranſported to find the Princeſs alive, admired the prudence ſhe was miſtreſs of on all occaſions, had infinite obligations to her for preventing him from committing a crime, which he could not think on without horrour, and did not comprehend how he could be ſo weak not to ſee the nullity of thoſe wicked oaths, which had been exacted from him by artifice.

HOWEVER, if *Finetta* had not been ever perſuaded, that *Diſtruſt is the mother of ſecurity*, ſhe had been killed, and her death been the cauſe of that of *Bel-a-voir:* and then afterwards, people would have reaſoned at leiſure upon the oddneſs of this Prince's ſentiments. Happy prudence and preſence of mind! which preſerved this

this royal Pair from the moſt dreadful misfortunes in the world, for a deſtiny the moſt ſweet and delightful. They always retained for each other an extreme tenderneſs, and paſſed through a long ſucceſſion of happy days, in ſo much felicity and glory, as is impoſſible for the moſt able pen or tongue to deſcribe.

YOUR Ladyſhip ſees now an end of the hiſtory of the Adventures of the Princeſs *Finetta*, which is not only very famous, but, as Tradition informs us, alſo of very great antiquity, which aſſures us, that the *Troubadours*, or Storiographers of *Provence*, invented *Finetta* a long while before *Abelard*, or the celebrated Count *Thibaud* of *Champagne* obliged the world with their Romances.

IT is certain, that theſe kinds of fables contain a great deal of good mora-

morality, and for that reaſon ought to be told to little children in their very infancy, to inſpire them betimes with Virtue ſo eminently brillante in your Ladyſhip. I know not, Madam, whether you ever heard *Finetta* ſpoken of at that age: but for my part,

I.

A Hundred times and more to me of old,
Inſtead of fables made of beaſts and fowl,
Of cocks and bulls, the bat and owl,
The morals of this tale, my nurſe has told.
Here with one little glance we ſee
A Prince reduc'd to utmoſt miſery:
A dangerous Prince, whoſe ſable mind
To perpetrate moſt horrid crimes inclin'd,
O'erwhelm'd profoundly low
In endleſs ſhame, irreparable woe.

II. *Here*

II.

Here too, as in a magick glaſs, is
ſhown,
How two imprudent ladies royal
born,
Whom every princely virtue ſhould
adorn,
Of their high character unworthy
grown;
By paſſing all their time in Indolence,
Loſt to all honour's noble ſenſe,
And to ſtrict virtue having ſmall
regard,
Fell horribly to acts of fouleſt ſhame,
And ſtain'd indelibly their royal
name,
Receiving for their crimes a prompt
and juſt reward.

III. *But*

III.

But if we ſee in this delightful tale
The Vicious *puniſh'd, ſo we likewiſe ſee*
Virtue *triumphant, and prevail,*
Loaded with glorious ſpoils of victory.
After a thouſand incidents which none
Could e'er foreſee, or in the leaſt ſurmiſe,
FINETTA, *prudent, ſage, diſcreet and wiſe,*
And BEL-A-VOIR, *that gen'rous Prince ſerene,*
Bleſs'd in the love of his beloved Queen,
In perfect glory mount the royal Throne.

IV

In fact, theſe Tales ſtrike deeper on
the mind,
Afford diverſion and inſtruction more
Than thoſe invented heretofore,
Or in the modern mint of fable
coin'd,
Of beaſts and birds, of gnats and
flies,
And all thoſe inconſiſtent Reveries,
(A Gallimawfry ſtrange, God knows,)
Of Monky Barbers, Monky Beaus,
The graduate Aſs, *and proud exalted*
Pie,
With little Doctor Elephant *ſo ſly,*
And all what elſe we Fabuliſts *in-*
vent,
Retail'd in pretty ſterile chiming
Cant.

V.

I can't but own I take delight extreme,
And all young people do the ſame,
Reading

Reading or hearing of theſe kinds of
Tales,
So much their ſweet Simplicity pre-
vails:
But more diffuſive would their beau-
ties riſe
Of more extent their moral Virtues
prove,
Did noble Ladies in their Families
Admit them Audience, and their
Lecture love.
The Myſtick Meanings, which their
Tour *contains,*
Like vital gold lock'd up in min'ral
veins,
Thoſe in his tales by Æsop *wrap'd*
ſo well,
Certainly equal; and, Some ſay, ex-
cel.

FINIS.